Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

J. H. Vincent, Editor. [Vol. I.] NEW YORK, MAY 15, 1886. [No. 24.] Phillips & Hunt, Publishers.

THE MOTHER AND HER BOY.

BY SARAH K. BOLTON.

"TELL me what you were like, mamma,
When you were just eighteen?
Were you cheery and full of fun as now,
Happy as e'er was seen?

"And how did you treat the boys, mamma?
Were you shy, or sweet and kind,
With a heart just full of sympathy,
And a bright and active mind?

"Did you flirt at all, as a girl, mamma,
Or did you talk good sense,
With just a little coquettish air,
And modest innocence?

"Were you kind to the poor and the rich as now,
With ever a helpful word,
An inspiration to every one,
Tender to flower and bird?

"I thought I would like to know, mamma,
Just what you did and said,
Because, because you know, sometime,
When I perhaps shall wed,

"I should wish the girl to be just like you,
With just your voice and ways!"
The mother smiled as she kissed her child;
"Could I have higher praise?"

THE YOUNG KUKLUX KLAN.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

I.—Its Origin.

"Now, do be very careful, Tom," said his mother. "And always remember to behave like a gentleman. But I'm sure you'll do that, dear."

"Don't get yourself into any scrapes," said his father.

"Nor get any one else into them," said his brother Ned. "Don't get left. Don't get on the wrong train. Don't send any body to the wrong place. Don't go and spend a week at the wrong house. Don't get hold of the wrong baggage. Don't—well, if I happen to think of any further cautions which might be useful to you, I'll write."

Tom thanked his teasing brother very good-naturedly, and went off on his short journey fully determined in his own mind not to commit any blunders which would give Ned a chance to lay up any more jokes against him, or to assert for at least the fiftieth time that Tom was the most heedless boy in all the world.

Off for a visit to his grandfather's. He could scarcely believe the time had really come, so many times had it been planned and so many times deferred. It was so long since he had been to the great farm that he had but a dim remembrance of its green meadows and orchards, its wonders of fine horses, ponies, and dogs, its variety of vehicles, its complete and curious implements, and other delightful things found on a farm. The most he could recall of his grandfather was of an easy-going old gentleman, always keeping a tender outlook for little children and other young things; of his being very lenient to every thing in the way of fun and frolic, or even mischief, if it were kindly mischief, but severe to a most astonishing degree on any thing in the line of meanness, deceit, or malice. Of his grandmother he had a pleasant memory of one always afraid somebody was not having plenty to eat.

He could have well enjoyed looking out of the car window all the way at the changing landscape, but many other people were reading, and it gave them such an air of experienced travelers that Tom reached up to his valise, which he had placed in the rack above his head, for a magazine. It was not a late one—indeed, it had been hidden in that very valise for months, with view to a purpose which Tom hoped to carry out while on this very visit.

The monthly numbers of the first-class magazines were not usually made shabby through overmuch handling by the boys of the Plummer family. They were often beguiled by the illustrations into reading the cruising yarns, or a peep at the natural history articles. They became interested in the historical sketches if read by father; and voted those French fellows, the sprigs of nobility, who came over here and took hold in our war just like every-day folks, a regular jolly set.

Still, although it is the proper thing for intelligent boys to read the magazines, it was usually observed that it required a little enlarging on the attractive character of the monthly list of contents to work these boys up to it.

Father had settled one evening to read "The Kuklux Klan" to mother, but stopped before he was half done to give the boys a chance to hear it. It had not looked at all interesting, but by the time they had heard it all, both agreed that it was fully equal to "Sleepy Hollow," "Jack, the Giant Killer," and Fourth of July fantastics all rolled into one.

And into Tom's mind had come the brilliant plan of getting up a boys' Kuklux Klan. Such a thing in successful operation in a community would be sure to work wonders. What a grand thing it would be to frighten out of his wits some big bully of a school-boy so that he should never again dare to play the petty tyrant! Or to strike terror to the hearts of young ruffians who make a business of tormenting dogs and cats! Tom was sure that it would supply a felt want, and visions glowed in his brain of branch societies existing throughout the length and breadth of the land, everywhere exerting a quiet influence for good.

But there were obstacles in Tom's way. Ned, his brother, was very hard to stir up to a new idea, and, worse still, sure to find out and make fun of any thing bright suggested by any other boy. Another difficulty lay in the fact of his mother's holding ideas on the subject of boys being out at night which would be sure to interfere with the conduct of a Kuklux Klan.

But he had hoped that when his long-promised visit to his grandfather should take place he could carry out his cherished project.

Every thing looked as big and as beautiful as he had expected when he arrived at the great farm. Every one was

as glad to see him, and as anxious to make him a sharer in all its good and pleasant things. A smart little railroad town had joined hands with the old-time "Corners," which had consisted of a meeting-house, store, blacksmith-shops, and what Ned had sometimes scornfully called "one scattering house." And the two had crowded so close to the limits of the Plummer farm that Tom's first delighted glance assured him that there could be no lack of boys in the neighborhood.

One afternoon, a week later, five boys joined Tom in a loft of the great barn, which stood empty in waiting for its store of harvest wealth to come in due season. They might have met in the pleasant front yard or under the meadow trees, but the gathering between four walls gave an air of secresy more in keeping with the purposes of the occasion.

"Now," said Tom, "I'm going to tell you all about a society that was down South some time ago. It was got up by a set of jolly fellows that had been in the war, and when that was all over they didn't exactly know what to do with themselves, so they got it up just for fun, and called it the Kuklux Klan—sounds awfully secret, doesn't it?"

As none of the boys knew any more of its meaning than any one else, they were ready to agree heartily that it did.

"They used to meet in a cave, and they got up some outlandish dresses that covered them all up, and fixed up false heads and skeleton hands that would come off and scare folks to death, and then they got to going about making folks think they were from another world. And when they found folks were afraid of them they began to lord it over folks in a kind of a way. They let more join, so that at last there were thousands of them, and if they heard of a white man abusing a darkey they appeared to him and let him know he'd better quit. And if they heard of some good-for-nothing darkey stealing watermelons and things, they'd just give him a hint that the Kuklux Klan would be after him, and that was enough, I tell *you!*"

Tom enlarged much further to his interested audience, reading occasionally from the article which had inspired his plan. They laughed loud and long over the heathenish names of the officers of the Kuklux Klan, and clapped for the chap who took off his head for some one to hold for him, and for the one who drank off a pail of water at one gulp.

"Now," said Tom, "shall we start a Kuklux Klan?"

The boys were as enthusiastic as could be desired. Each one was given a high office, and after further consultation with regard to the preparation of costumes and other necessities the meeting adjourned.

"Come on—hurrah!"

"Do be quiet, though, if you can."

Six boys tore through the ten-acre meadow, and up through a hill-side pasture to a grove which crowned an eminence just within the Plummer farm. It was their first night meeting, and was a time long to be remembered when Tom Plummer, Grand Wizard of the Invisible Empire, attired in an impressive robe composed of a remarkable and ancient patch-work quilt borrowed from his grandmother's garret, took his seat on a throne improvised from a stump, and called the roll.

In the shadows of this chosen spot the members presented a mysterious and awe-inspiring appearance, which was highly gratifying as they one by one responded in deep, sepulchral tones, long drawn out, slowly passing before their chief:

"Grand Dragon of the Realm."

"He-e-e-ere!"—in a Turkey-red table-cover.

"Grand Titan of the Dominion."

"He-e-e-ere!"—magnificent in an old chintz curtain of a striking pattern.

"Grand Giant of the Province."

"He-e-e-ere?"—in a mattress cover, suggestive of work-house stripes.

"Grand Cyclops of the Den."

"He-e-e-ere!"—in the other curtain.

"Grand Turk."

"He-e-e-ere!"—in a horse-blanket, ample but warm.

Plenty of offices to spare for new-comers. It was unfortunate that there were as yet no lay members, but the original Kuklux Klan itself began with a very small beginning, and more confidently than ever Tom's active mind leaped forward to a time when countless numbers of Klans would look up to him as Grand Wizard of an Invisible Empire of his own.

Clever contrivances for the head, furnished with ghostly looking masks, increased the height of each member by at least a foot, and a little tailoring had so arranged the robes that they flowed and waved in a sweep which might have been called majestic. As a whole, the effect was decidedly wierd and uncanny as they paraded back and forth in the pale light, secretly regretting in their hearts that none were there to admire.

The Grand Wizard addressed his followers:

"Grand officers of the Invisible Empire, we are now fully organized and ready for work. We are ready to strike terror into the hearts of—of sneaks, and—and courage into the hearts of—proper behaved folks. We expect to see the Kuklux Klan reaching all over the world. But we've got to have some new members before we can get any bigger. The greatest fun about it will be initiating them. Now, officers of the Grand Order, hold up your hands, and repeat the oath:

"Never to let out the secrets of the Order—"

"Never!" came in a deep chorus.

"Never to let out what boys are members of it—"

"Never!"

"Never to disband without the consent of every member, and here?"

"Never!"

"But," asked one, " we can give it all up when we want to, can't we?"

"Of course," said the Grand Wizard, "but that time will never come. Now, walk round in a circle."

The circle was small, but the Grand Wizard viewed it with pride.

"Now, forward march!"

It was getting so late that Tom intended to dare a very near approach to the village, half-hoping, half-fearing to meet some one, and try the effect of their strange appearance. The moon was obscured by a cloud as they came face to face with two women, who stared in bewilderment at the leader, then, with half-smothered screams, ran in terror to the nearest shelter, as the others of the Order, with their grotesque, sweeping robes, passed noiselessly on.

Nearer the village they could hear voices in the quiet night, and held their breaths as they drew near a small cottage bowered in trees. The voices plainly proceeded from a cherry-tree on the premises. The Grand Wizard led his company to a spot distant enough to allow of whispered conversation, and called a halt.

"Ha! ha!" he exclaimed, in suppressed excitement, "here's a chance for us at the very start.

"What?" asked the Grand Cyclops.

"Don't you see? Some rascals are stealing those cherries."

"From poor old Widow Bell," said the Grand Titan.

"The Klan is a regulator of wrongs, you know," said the Grand Wizard. "Let's begin right here."

After a few moments of consultation they advanced upon the tree, and walked around it uttering hollow groans. Under it were two baskets well filled with cherries. In as deep a voice as he could assume, the Grand Wizard ordered a descent from the tree, when two boys came tumbling down, half-dead with fright, and no wonder! With grim and ghostly gestures they were ordered to take up the baskets of cherries and fall into a line formed by three members of the Klan before and three behind.

Straight up to the Widow Bell's porch they were marched, when the baskets were set down close to the door. Then the thieves were conducted to an open field, blindfolded, and

left with hoarsely whispered orders not to unblind until each had counted three hundred.

And when the young culprits looked around in fear and trembling, nothing was visible to assure them that the dreadful apparitions were not a dream, or a sport of their own fancy.

Tom, having dismissed his followers after hiding the regalia in a closet in the barn, softly climbed up the lattice-work of the back porch, thence to a low roof, from which he slipped into a window of his sleeping-room, trying very hard to quiet his conscience for the deceit practiced upon his indulgent grandparents by fixing his reflections upon the good done and yet to be done by the Klan.

THAT BUFFALO BOY.

BY MARIE DE WOLFE.

"O THAT boy! I never saw such a boy?"

That is what every one on the steamer said. We had not been out of sight of land an hour before we knew he was on board, and we heard his name before we saw his face. "Jack! Jack! O where is Jack?" his half-frantic mother was crying. She had relaxed her tight grasp of his hand but an instant, and he had suddenly vanished from her side. Soon, however—all too soon for the happiness of lookers-on—he was found; a small pretty boy, in brown velveteen jacket and pants, hanging over the railing at the farthest end of the ship.

"Jack, you'll fall into the water! Jack, you'll surely be drowned!" These dismal prophecies greeted our ears from morning till night, during every day of the voyage.

If we sat on the shady side of the deck, there he was, frightening all the passengers, both sea-sick and well, by climbing up the sides of life-boats, and catching hold of every rope, until more than one nervous beholder rushed to his rescue, pleading with him to be more careful.

If we took refuge on the sunny side, there he was again, rolling and jumping about, until his mother dragged him off to the cabin with promise of cakes and nuts. Poor woman! she was ill the greater part of the time, and had to leave her "enfant terrible" to the mercies of strangers and stewards. If we thought by napping in our steamer-chairs to make up for loss of sleep, we found Jack could be even more disturbing than the fog-whistle which had kept us awake all night. A loud scream would startle us out of our comfort, and rushing down the deck would come this small boy, crying, "I'm the wild horse of the desert! I'm Buffalo Bill!" until you would have thought a menagerie had broken loose.

There was one old lady whom he took special delight in tormenting. Coming up, with his pretty face, dark curly hair, and laughing eyes, he did seem very harmless. And looking up in such a winning way, he would ask,

"Did you ever see a buffalo?"

"No, dear," the lady would answer, very kindly. "I've only read about them." Then, drawing a card-board representation of one from his pocket, he would say,

"Well, that isn't a buffalo, is it?"

"Why, yes, that's a very good picture of one."

"Would you kill it?"

"O no!"

"Well, I'd kill it! I'd kill all the buffaloes and all the lions and tigers. I'd lasso them!"

And he would fling his arms frantically about, and stamp his feet in a most excited manner, while the old lady moved her chair closer into the corner. Then, changing his warlike attitude, he would stand quietly looking up into her face, and in the mildest tones imaginable ask,

"Did you ever see a—buffalo?"

And she would assure him again that she had never seen one.

"Never, in all your life, haven't you seen a—a—whale as big as this ship?"

"O no!"

"Well, half as big?"

And so it would go on indefinitely, and the next morning be repeated with only a few unimportant changes.

One day Jack chose another victim; this time a gentlemen, and walked up to him with the usual question,

"Say, did you ever see a buffalo?"

"O yes, hundreds of them."

That was more than he had expected. But he was not to be daunted. Out came the picture from his pocket.

"Well, that isn't a buffalo, is it?"

The gentleman slowly put on his glasses, and carefully examined it.

"Yes, that's a pretty good buffalo. 'Thee first tells a lie, then asks a question,' as the Quaker said."

"Well, will you tell me a story?" said the irrepressible boy, seizing a camp-stool and seating himself close by, in an expectant manner. "Now tell me a true story, all about a hundred buffaloes. Did you fight them, and did you see more buffaloes?"

"No, I'll tell you about something else; but you must promise to sit still and tell me one when I've finished."

"All right! I'll tell you about the dog that had eyes as big as saucers, and then one that had eyes as big as cart-wheels, and the soldier went down for the tinder-box, and there was a lot—"

"O, come now," said the gentleman. "If I tell you a true story you must tell me a true one, and wait until I have finished mine. Polite boys do not interrupt."

"Well, please begin," said Jack, "but wouldn't you like to hear about Snow-White and Rose-Red, and about the stepmother that gave the girl—"

"Jack," answered the gentlemen, "if you want to tell fairy stories at any such rate, go and get that little girl to listen to you."

"O, please go on," begged the excited boy.

With a good-natured laugh the gentleman began what he called "a true story about a shark."

"I saw the skeleton of a shark not long ago, and what do you suppose the fishermen found inside of it?"

"A man!" whispered Jack, his eyes opening wide.

"No, a butter-tub!"

"A what?" asked the boy, getting closer and closer, "a butter-box? with butter in it?"

"No, a tub that had held butter. It went as far as it could down the shark's throat, and there it stuck. And the shark couldn't get his mouth shut, for the iron hoops around the tub were too strong."

Jack looked very solemn, and sat very still for a few seconds; then he shouted,

"Did the shark swallow the butter-tub?"

"Yes, so the fishermen said."

"Did you see the shark?"

"Yes, that is, I saw its bones."

"Well, wont you tell me another story?"

"O no! It is your turn now."

Whereupon followed this marvelous tale, which I am sure he made up, like all he told, as fast as he went along:

"I once saw a whale, and this whale saw a boat-load of harpooners coming to harpoon him, and he crashed into the boat and took all the harpoons and lashed them to his tail, and then he harpooned all the sharks just like any thing! Say, did the shark swallow the butter-tub?"

As he asked the question, he leaned so far forward that he lost his balance, and over he went, camp-stool and all, right in front of several ladies who were promenading the deck. They came near falling over him, and there was a scene of general confusion. But out of it all, and ignoring several bad bumps and bruises, the boy rescued himself to ask, breathlessly,

"Say, mister, did the shark swallow the butter-tub?"

The gentleman, however, was not there. He had disappeared, evidently thinking he had made a mistake in giving

Jack a subject that bade fair to prove as troublesome as the buffalo.

And so indeed it was. For never did the little fellow catch sight of him but he had his question ready, "Say, did the shark—" while, at the same time, the card-board buffalo was held in the face of every other passenger, and even at the moment of landing he was heard to exclaim,

"Ma, ma! there are buffaloes in London. So there!"

And we had no doubt but that he would find them as numerous as our English visitors find wild Indians in New York city.

Young America does not like a story with a moral attached to it, but all the boys who read this true narration are hereby warned to leave their buffaloes, or any other favorite animal, at home when they start upon a long voyage.

WHO'LL BUY?

My neighbor wears a cotton dress—
She comes with marigold and cress
All dripping, coiled together.
The willow basket in her hand
Is bright with water and with sand,
This happy, happy weather!
"Who'll buy?" Who would not buy?
They grew beside an April stream,
Beneath an April sky!

Again I meet her, flushed and brown,
With braid and bonnet slipping down;
She looks upon me gayly.
She knows the grassy upland farm
Where berries ripen high and warm,
And redden deeper daily!
"Who'll buy?" Who would not buy?
She found them in the summer fields,
Beneath a summer sky!

To-day she enters at my gate;
She steps inside the sill to wait;
And so once more I find her.
Alack! the whirling leaves are brown—
And he who shook the chestnuts down
Is standing there behind her!
"Who'll buy?" Who would not buy?
They found them in the autumn woods,
Beneath a frosty sky!—*Dora Read Goodale.*

THE PARISH PRIEST OF EARNLEY.

BY WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

As we said in a previous article, the English language did not die out despite the fact that it ceased to be heard in polite society after the Norman invasion. It continued to be the language of the peasantry—of the plowman in the fields; of the herdsmen watching their flocks on the hill-side, and of the woodman talking with his family or his neighbors in his hut on the edge of the forest. Wandering minstrels or gleemen helped to keep it alive by traveling from hut to hut and singing legendary ballads like that of Robin Hood, and though no books were written in it for one hundred and fifty years, at the end of that period it again bore fruit in the work of a priest named Layamon.

"There was a priest in the land whose name was Layamon," he says of himself; "he was the son of Leovenath. May the Lord be gracious unto him! He dwelt at Earnley, a noble church on the bank of the Severn, near Radstone. It came in mind to him and in his chiefest thought that he would tell the noble deeds of England, what the men were named, and whence they came, who first had English land."

Layamon's book is called "Brut," and in it King Arthur and his knights reappear. Geoffrey of Monmouth's work had been translated into French by Robert Wace, a Norman poet, and Layamon had in turn translated it into English, combining some other books with it.

How he proceeded he tells as follows:

"He took the English book
That Saint Bede made;
Another he took in Latin
That Saint Albin made,
And the fair Austin,
That baptism brought hither in.
The third book he took
And laid there in midst,
That made a French clerk,
Wace was he called,
That well could write,
And he gave it to the noble
Eleanor. That was Henry's queen,
The high king's.
Layamon laid before him these books,
And the leaves turned.
He them lovingly beheld;
Merciful to him be the Lord.
Feather he took with fingers,
And wrote on book-skin,
And the true words
Set together,
And the three books
Compressed into one."

These are Layamon's words put into modern English, which is a very different thing in appearance from the original English which he used. Let us compare, for instance, the first six lines of the above with the same lines as he wrote them:

"He nom tha Englisca boc
Tha makede Seint Beda;
An other he nom on Latin
Tha makede Seinte Albin,
And the feire Austin,
The fulluht broute hider in."

There seems to be scarcely any resemblance between the two quotations, but the language of Layamon was the language which the original English brought with them from their continental home; it was the language of Cædmon and Alfred, the language which scholars and fashionable society had abandoned, and which, except among the peasantry, had seemed to be dead until this priest of Earnley proved its vitality and restored its dignity by once more using it as the hand-maiden of literature.

It was not destined to survive as he wrote it: the feud between the Norman and the Englishman, between the governing class and the governed, was coming to an end, and they were to find common interests which would bind them in closer fellowship; the greater intimacy between them in their social and political relations was certain to bring about changes in the language as well as in other things. But when the English and the Normans became a united people English was adopted as the common language of the land; not Cædmon's or Layamon's English, however, but an English softened and enriched by the Norman influence.

The date of Layamon's "Brut" was about 1205, and the book was so called because Brutus, a descendant of Æneas of Troy, was described as first in the line of British kings which included Arthur. According to these legends Brutus was a remarkable personage, and he is said to have been the founder of London. "Brutus, considering the state of the Kingdom, formed a Design of building a City, and in order thereunto carefully surveyed the Country to discover a Place proper for its Situation. At last, pitching on a Spot of Ground on the Bank of the River Thames, very fit for his Purpose, he erected a City thereon, and dignified the same with the Appellation of New Troy, by which Name it was known for many Ages. But the same being at length corrupted, it was called Trinovant; and in Process of Time when Lud, the Brother of Cassibellaun, obtained the Government, he encircled the same with a strong

and stately Wall, adorned with an infinite Number of Towers of curious Workmanship, and changed the Name thereof to Caerlud, or Lud's-town; and commanding the Citizens to build Houses and Publick Structures of all Sorts, it soon equaled, if not excelled, all Cities at Home and Abroad, to a very great Degree. But some time after, the new Appellation being corrupted, it was changed to Caer-London; and when the Kingdom was afterward conquered and brought into Subjection by Foreigners, they changed the Name thereof to Londres."

This story, like all of those of Geoffrey of Monmouth, has been called into question, and one irate old chronicler denounces it as "a great, coarse, thick, heavy, long, and most impudent lye."

Within a few years of the time when Layamon put forth his work two other books were written in English. The first of these, which is still preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, was the work of a priest named Orm, and it was called "The Ormulum." It is a book on the duties of a religious life, and in it we are told that a monk should be "a very pure man, and altogether without property, except that he shall be found in simple meat and clothes." His life should be "hard and stiff and rough and heavy," and all his heart and desire should lean toward heaven that he may serve his Master well.

The second was similar to "The Ormulum." It is called "The Ancren Riwle," that is, "The Rule for Anchoresses," and it describes how women who have shut themselves up from the world should live in their monastic retirement. They are told that they shall have no beast, save a cat. "An anchoress that hath cattle seems a better housewife, as Martha was, for then she must think of the cow's fodder, and of the herdsman's hire, flatter the cattle-keeper, defend herself when they put her cattle in the pound, and pay the damages. . . . No buying nor selling carry ye on. An anchoress that is a chafferer, she chaffereth her soul with the devil."

The anchoresses were not disposed to spare themselves, however, and the author frequently warns them against overdoing the rules he has laid down for them.

These three books, Layamon's "Brut," "The Ormulum," and "The Ancren Riwle," are not of any great literary value in themselves, but like simple wild flowers peeping up above the winter's mantle in the warmth of spring they gave promise of the richer blooms which were to follow in the chastened English which was destined to become the standard language of the country.

In addition to them a few other pieces have been preserved which were first heard when the native speech once more began to be written. One of these is a pretty little song about the cuckoo:

"Summer is coming in,
Loud sing, cuckoo!
Groweth seed and bloweth mead,
And springeth the wood now.
Sing cuckoo, cuckoo.

"Ewe bleateth after lamb,
Loweth after calf cow,
Bullock starteth, buck verteth,*
Merry sing, cuckoo!
Well sing thou, cuckoo,
Nor cease to sing now,
Sing cuckoo, cuckoo.'

Another is a story which reminds us of Whittington and his cat, though the pet was not a cat but a pig in this instance. A Norfolk peasant boy named William left his father's house to seek his fortune with no companion or other possession than a little pig, and people called him Willy Grice, grice being then in England, as it is now in Scotland, a common word for pig. He wandered as far as France, and there he wooed and wed a rich widow, with whose help he became a great man in that country. Still he remembered his early life of poverty and vagrancy, and among the other ornaments of his fine house he had a picture of himself leading a pig with a string as he used to do in his boyhood, and he hung this portrait in a room to which he daily retired for an hour's meditation and self-communion. It was probably designed to keep him from growing too proud by recalling to him the humbleness of his origin, and under it were printed the words:

"Willie Pig, Willie Pig, think what thou wast
And what thou art."

A third fragment tells how the daughter of the king of Hungary fell into a state of melancholy from the loss of her lover, and how her father tried to console her with promises of luxuries. He says to her:

"To-morrow ye shall in hunting fare;[1]
And yede,[2] my doughter, in a chair;
It shall be covered with velvet red,
And clothes of fine gold all about your head,
With damask white and azure blue,
Well diapered[3] with lilies new.
Your pommels shall be ended with gold,
Your chains enameled many a fold,
Your mantle of rich degree,
Purple pall and ermine free.
Jennets of Spain, that ben so wight,
Trapped to the ground with velvet bright.
Ye shall harp, sautry, and song,
And other mirths you among.
Ye shall have Rumney and Malespine,
Both Hippocras and Vernage wine;
Montrese and wine of Greek,
Both Algrade and despice[4] eke,
Antioch and Bastard,
Pyment[5] also and garnard;
Wine of Greek and Muscadel,
Both claré, pyment, and Rochelle,
The reed your stomach to defy,
And pots of Osy set you by.
You shall have venison y-bake,
The best wild fowl that may be take;
A leish of harehound with you to streek,[6]
And hart, and hind, and other like.
Ye shall be set at such a tryst,
That hart and hind shall come to you first.
Your disease to drive you fro,
To hear the bugles there y-blow.
Homeward thus shall ye ride,
On-hawking by the river's side,
With gosshawk and with gentle falcón,
With bugle-horn and merlión.
When you come home your menzie among,[7]
Ye shall have revel, dances, and song;
Little children, great and small,
Shall sing as does the nightingale.
Then shall ye go to your even song,
With tenors and trebles among.
Threescore of copes of damask bright,
Full of pearls they shall be pight.[8] . . .
Your censers shall be of gold,
Indent with azure many a fold.
Your quire nor organ song shall want,
With contre-note and descant.
The other half on organs playing,
With young children full fain singing.
Then shall ye go to your supper,
And sit in tents in green arbor,
With cloth of arras pight to the ground,
With sapphires set of diamond. . . .
A hundred knights, truly told,
Shall play with bowls in alleys cold,
Your disease to drive away;
To see the fishes in pools play,
To a drawbridge then shall ye,
Th' one half of stone, th' other of tree;
A barge shall meet you full right,
With twenty-four oars full bright,
With trumpets and with clarion,
The fresh water to row up and down. . . .
Forty torches burning bright,
At your bridges to bring you light.
Into your chamber they shall you bring,
With much mirth and more liking.
Your blankets shall be of fustian,
Your sheets shall be of cloth of Rennes."

* Verteth means to go to harbor among the ferns.

[1] Go a-hunting. [2] Go. [3] Figured.
[4] Spiced wine. [5] A drink of wine, honey, and spices. [6] Course.
[7] Household. [8] Set.

We have an example in this of the splendors with which many of the Anglo-Norman poets dazzled their readers, and though the poem is written in English it is probably only a translation from the French.

The language had survived, it is true, but it was split into several dialects, each more or less unlike the others, and it was little adapted for the purposes of literary expression. Scarcely any thing but translations from the French were produced in it from the time of Layamon (1205) until the middle of the fourteenth century, and during this long period England had no great author.

It was during the reign of Edward the Third that Chaucer began to write, and we must remember him as the first of the English poets whose works have lived on their own merits. Cædmon and Layamon preceded him, but our interest in them is chiefly historical, and we value them because one of them made the first English poem and the other took up his pen to write when it seemed that the English language would be written no more; we should probably care little for them if they were not landmarks of history. But Chaucer is immortal for the quality of his work, and what was best in the old language was combined in his books with new beauties drawn from the Normans. His influence helped to consolidate the conflicting and inharmonious dialects, and the poet Spenser afterward called him, referring to the purity of his language:

> "A well of English undefiled
> On Fame's eternal beadroll worthy to be filed."

O MINA SAN'S VICTORY.

BY MARY J. HOLBROOK.

On the stone-faced banks of the Sumida, in sight of the forts built to prevent Commodore Perry from landing in Yedo Bay, stands *Kaigon Jo Gakko*, a mission boarding-school for Japanese girls.

September's noon had already passed, but it was still summer. The atmosphere was hot, damp, and lifeless. In a word, it was *muggy*, and only those who have spent the heated term in Tsukiji, the foreign concession of the wonderful city of Tokio, can fully appreciate the meaning of this homely word. For two months Tsukiji has been almost deserted. The ladies of the Gakko, however, had returned from the mountains three weeks before to spend the remainder of their summer vacation in putting the school machinery in order, and preparing for the reception of their pupils.

The school was a large two-story, stucco-like building, with verandas along the south side shaded by climbing roses and wistaria. In front was a small but well-kept lawn where bloomed, all in their proper season, flowering cherry-trees, white and rose-colored azaleas, matchless lilies, and delicate white lantern-flowers, the large compound umbels crowning the green branches of the shrub, like soft, fresh snow the cedars. Two broad spreading palms, a biwa tree, several camellia bushes, a mound of purple hydrangea, a rockery covered with ferns and stone crop, and several glossy evergreens contributed beauty to the scene; but after all the special charm of the lawn was the fresh green grass that covered it. Rokusaburo, the man of all work, took great pride in this grass, and spent many half-hours on his knees clipping it with a large pair of clumsy shears, for in Japan the age of lawn-mowers is not yet. The most interesting thing about this lawn, however, is that it was all brought there one day—trees, flowering shrubs, rocks, grass, every thing—from a place six miles distant. The climate being favorable to vegetation, and labor cheap, it is sometimes practicable to buy a whole garden and put it down in a new place; and though the school grounds had heretofore been barren as a desert, all at once, as if by magic, they blossomed like a rose.

Inside the house there was a hush of expectancy, as when a lady giving the last touch to the flowers on the mantel waits for the arrival of guests she has invited. The contrast between the quiet of the present and the busy scenes of the days before was very noticeable. It was not long ago that the *Shakanya*, or plasterer, was in the front hall, tearing down great patches of plaster loosened by recent earthquakes, utterly regardless of the dust and confusion he was making; and for more than a week brushes and buckets had been lurking round to be stumbled over in all parts of the building, and two or three native women with blue kerchiefs *on* their heads, and noisy tongues *in* them, had been beating mats, washing windows, and scrubbing floors as though they would never have to be beaten, washed, or scrubbed again. On the previous day all the sliding screens had been renovated and the school-room furniture arranged, and now even the music of Rokusaburo's tack-hammer had ceased. The smell of fresh lime and new matting pervaded every room, and the lady whose special province it had been to direct all these house-cleaning operations looked with pardonable pride into all the nooks and corners and pronounced the work very good, while another lady busied herself examining the supplies of books, paper, pens, pencils, and ink-stones, and made out an order of exercises for the new school year that would at least be useful as a "basis of change."

By and by a *jinrikisha*, or man carriage, was heard at the front gate. Soon a pair of clogs came rattling up the walk, and the loud cry of "Ureshii! ureshii!" "*I am so glad! I am so glad!*" was heard from the little party of girls who had neither home nor friends to go to in the summer, and who had been waiting anxiously for the return of their schoolmates. Greetings were exchanged. The little lady just arrived presented herself, her parents' *yoroshikus*, or kind regards, and a basket of persimmons to each of her American teachers; then, bowing herself out of their rooms in the prescribed fashion, rushed back to her school friends. More rattling clogs were heard upon the walk; there were more joyful exclamations, more presents and *yoroshikus* for the teachers, and soon the halls, so still in the morning, were filled with happy, bright-faced girls, running hither and thither, unpacking their books and clothing, laughing and talking the while over their varied holiday experiences. Each had her hair arranged in glossy black loops, and with her long sleeves and gorgeous *obi*, or sash, made a very pretty picture.

Several new scholars arrived in the course of the afternoon. Timid and shrinking, with powdered faces and glittering hair-pins, they prostrated themselves before the American *sensei*, and wondered whether they ever should be able to stay in this strange but beautiful place. The matron, a kind Japanese woman, sipped tea with the parents or friends who had brought them, promising to explain to the little girls all the rules of the establishment, and prophesying that they would soon be quite happy in their new home. Several thoughtful mothers brought presents for her in order to enlist her sympathies in a special manner in behalf of their little charges, and two or three brought cake and fruit for the whole school, the more effectually to secure for them the good-will of all the students.

Among the new-comers was one girl older than the rest. Without friend or guardian, without paint, powder, or ornaments of any kind, she came asking that she might be taken into the school and allowed to assist in instructing the younger girls as an equivalent for board and tuition in the English department. She was one of a large family living several hundred miles south of Tokio. Two of her younger sisters were already married, and her friends had from time to time essayed to settle her in a home of her own, but to their perplexity O Mina San would not settle.

From her earliest childhood she had had a consuming thirst for knowledge. There were a few books in her home, for her father was a man of more than ordinary intelligence; and she had some educational advantages, for, thanks to the progressive administration of the present ruler, even the remote country districts of Japan now have well-regulated primary schools.

O Mina San's appetite for study, however, seemed only to grow by what it fed upon, and day after day, as she tended the cocoons with her sister, or sat at her loom throwing her swift shuttle to and fro, in her brain she nursed little plans and wove together bright fancies of her own that would have greatly startled her gentle mother had they been suddenly revealed to her.

At length—just how it is impossible to tell—one difficulty after another was surmounted, and the persevering girl found herself, to her own delight and to the utter astonishment of her friends, in Tokio, the Mecca of every Japanese student.

For a time her hungry mind was content to feed upon the Chinese classics, and so diligently did she apply herself to study that she kept pace with the best boy students in her classes; but by and by, becoming interested in mathematics and the sciences as taught in western lands, and realizing the paucity and imperfections of the translations of foreign text-books, she resolved to study English. Hearing of Kaigon Jo Gakko as a school presided over by American ladies, she had presented herself there for admission.

Due inquiries were made, and it was decided that O Mina San should be taken on trial as a pupil teacher. It was not long before the story of her proficiency in the classics became a favorite topic for conversation, and admiring school-mates recognized her as a prodigy. In Japan as well as in America there are in every girls' school two classes of pupils—"those who lead" and "those who follow." It was soon seen that O Mina San belonged to the former, and that she would be a ruling spirit among her companions. To the study of English she devoted all her energies, caring nothing at all for Bible lessons for their own sake, and by and by she openly declared before the pupils that she had come to the school to learn English and not Christianity, and even went so far at times as to speak lightly of the *atsumari*, or religious services, which the girls had always looked upon as a privilege and pleasure. This being the case her influence was greatly to be feared. On the other hand there was much in her character to commend her—the faithfulness with which she discharged all the duties of her position as teacher, her kindness and sympathy to girls in sickness or in trouble, her decision of character, her indomitable perseverance, and above all—a rare trait in a Japanese girl—her ingenuousness, and her utter scorn of every thing like deceit.

After O Mina San had become settled in school she wrote to her mother, telling her of the kind hands into which she had fallen, at the same time sending her a photograph of one of her foreign teachers. The mother, filled with gratitude, assured her daughter that she had placed the photograph upon the *butsudana*, or altar shelf of their home, and that every morning she placed before it offerings of rice and tea that this teacher might never know want or sorrow, and O Mina San herself showed the most sincere appreciation of all that was done for her. Another of the young girl's virtues, one more common to girls of her race, was her love and reverence for her parents. One objection she was known to make to Christianity was that according to its teachings love to God must overshadow love to one's parents. This objection was withdrawn when she came to look upon God as the one sovereign ruler of the universe and men as his subjects, for, according to the old religions of Japan, loyalty after all is the crowning virtue of mankind, and she could understand how a man out of love for his king might lawfully forsake even his father and his mother.

But it was of one special victory of O Mina San's that I set out to tell you.

In Japan men, women, and even children smoke. Their pipes are dainty little bronze-tipped arrangements of bamboo, the bowl of the pipe being so small as to contain little more than a *pinch* of their finely-cut tobacco. They smoke little and often, a single whiff, two or three at most, sufficing for a sitting. O Mina San, like many other girls, had contracted the habit of smoking when very young. She had grown almost to womanhood before it was ever hinted to her in any way that it was an unwholesome, unwomanly habit. The rules of the Gakko strictly forbade the practice, and though O Mina San was in most respects obedient to the letter of the law, if not to the spirit, her teachers thought they had sometimes detected the smell of tobacco in her clothing. Not wishing to accuse her without reason, they waited for tangible proof in the matter. One day, one of the ladies noticing the smell of tobacco smoke in the hall, went directly to her room. The *shoji*, or sliding door, was ajar, and she arrived just in time to see O Mina San take a pipe from her mouth. Fortunately, or unfortunately for the lady herself, she had not been in the country long enough to undertake a case of discipline that required to be managed in the Japanese language. So she could only appropriate the pipe in token of her displeasure and report the case to one of her associates who had been longer on the field.

O Mina San had many warm friends in the school. One of her devotees was with her at the time, and it was soon known all through the institution that she was in disgrace. It was just dinner-time, and nothing was done until afternoon, when one of the ladies called her to her room. O Mina San followed submissively, her face no longer dusky, but strangely white. Going into her teacher's room, she sat down upon the floor in the usual Japanese fashion. Japanese girls when interviewed or reprimanded have a very provoking way of taking refuge in silence, and it was not until the teacher had almost exhausted her vocabulary that O Mina San made reply. She did say, however, by and by, that she knew from the printed rules that smoking was forbidden, but when urged to give up the practice, and when told that it would be impossible to retain her in her position as teacher if she did not, she said she was afraid to make any promise; that it was a difficult habit to break off, and that she did not wish to make a promise she could not keep. The teacher urged her to make the matter a subject of prayer, and promised that the teachers would all pray for her; but O Mina San had not yet learned to trust in the strength which God supplies, and she sat there, not a muscle of her face moving. The teacher cried, but only the increasing pallor of O Mina San's face betrayed the conflict through which she was passing. At last she broke the silence by asking the teacher to give her her pipe, which was on the table close by. The teacher, scarcely knowing whether she ought to comply with the request or not, handed it to her, and O Mina San, who was still sitting on the floor, broke the pipe over her knees, put the two pieces into the stove, and said she had decided never to smoke again. It is more than three years since the promise was made, and her teachers have never had the slightest reason to suppose that it has ever been broken.

WORK.

Strong gales keep the clouds from raining;
Work lulls the sad heart's complaining;
Through the task and the toil runs the yearning ache,
Yet Duty grows dear for her own grave sake,
And muscles are strong for straining.

Though the mildew its bloom is straining,
The rose has some scent remaining;
Through the darkest hour, still trust in the light;
What the hand has to do, let it do with its might,
Strong gales keep the clouds from raining.

—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

FILLING UP WORM-HOLES.—It is said that there is now in London, England, a woman who earns a livelihood by skillfully filling up worm-holes in old books, each leaf being separately and patiently dealt with, the material being chewed or "pulped" and pressed into the hole. The charge is sixpence a hole.

OUR YOUTHFUL WORKERS.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

THE best way to let people know what you can do is to do it. A girl may say she can embroider a dozen doilies, but if she does not show the actual doilies, all complete, ready for the tea-table, people will be apt to smile at her. It is not very pleasant to say you can do a thing and have all the folks beam upon you as much as to say,

"Yes, dear, so you have said before."

It seems as if they didn't quite believe you. A boy has a lathe and can turn out wooden balls and cups and handles for tools. There they are, true, smooth, handsome, and well turned. No need to tell any body what he can do, for he has done it.

For several years certain good folks in New York have been saying that there were in Boston and other places some wonderful new schools where the scholars did the most remarkable things, and had grand good times every day in some new kind of school-houses. Naturally enough the other good people in New York didn't half believe it, and smiled in a curious way, as much as to say they didn't believe it. Then these good folks went to work and did the strangest thing in the world. They sent circulars and letters to children and teachers in all parts of the country asking them to send to New York some of the work done in these wonderful new schools. Very soon letters and telegrams began to arrive, and very soon it was found that over four thousand children were ready to show what they could do. Packages and boxes of every shape and size began to arrive. A hall was engaged, and on the last day of March the doors were opened on the most singular exhibition ever seen in the world. There have been centennials and expositions and fairs for grown-up folks. This was a "Grand National Exhibition" for little folks. It was truly grand, and, of course, it was national, for there were things to be seen from fifteen cities in the Union.

You may think our youth in the land cannot do any thing worth showing. They go to school every day and read books and do sums and write exercises. Surely, an exhibition of school slates with sums in long division, or a pile of compositions would not make a very lively show. They would not, but some of our youth go to the new kind of schools where the girls learn to sew and the boys to use tools and all learn to draw, and these children in these splendid schools do things that have surprised all who attended the exhibition. To tell of all that was there already fills a book of nearly ninety pages. In the new schools all the scholars learn to draw. So there were hundreds on hundreds of drawings, plans of houses and machines, sketches from real things, drawings of models, designs for carpets and rugs, for tiles and for plates, portraits, and pictures of birds and animals of every kind. In the new schools all the girls learn to sew, and there were whole tables loaded down with plain sewing, mending, and darning, lovely embroidery, and artistic needle-work, and even embroidery in silk on card-board by little tots of the primary schools. All the boys in the new schools learn to use tools on wood, iron, and brass, and there were wonderful things in wood and metal of every shape and size, from card-receivers to tables, furniture, models of machines of every kind, and capital examples of carpenter work, showing that some boys can make a mortise as well as conjugate a verb. It was a grand exposition of what young folks can do with their hands, if properly trained in the right kind of schools. Do you think blind children could do kindergarten work? Here it was seen, as neat and as pretty as any kindergartener with two eyes could do. Do you think Italian shoe-blacks and street arabs could make beautiful carvings? Here were the real carvings made by these very boys. Do you think little seven-year-old girls can make designs for beautiful ornaments, and yet here they were by the dozen. Dresses, too, cut, fitted, and made complete by girls not ten years old, and poor girls from the missions on the east side. It seemed as if there were no end, and as if a boy or girl could make any thing if they went to the right kind of school.

Many children came from far and from near to see the exhibition, and many more read about it in the papers. It was the first of the kind ever given in this country, but we may be sure it is not the last. It was so interesting and so beautiful that people will be sure to want to let their children try again. The new schools where the boys and girls work with their hands as well as learn lessons, where they learn to draw as well as write, are spreading all over the country. People are beginning to see that a boy who can work will make a better scholar at his books and be a wiser and a better man. A girl who can sew and draw, who can make designs and embroider them on cloth, or hammer them out in brass, will be a better scholar than one who pores over books and has pale, thin hands not fit to hold a tennis bat or put on a button. The new schools, where work and study go together, are coming, and they will be pleasanter and better than any ever seen before.

A NEW POETESS.

IT is but recently that a woman calling herself the Bard of Shanty Hill applied to Congress for the rank and salary of national Poet Laureate. The petition was accompanied with samples of the Bard's poetry and was denied. But the "Denver News" reports the appearance of a new songstress in the Far West, whose claims to a reward at the hands of a grateful country are at least equal to those brought forward by the aspirant from Shanty Hill. The following nosegay was culled from the garden of her verse:

The description of Denver is contained in a poem of one hundred lines of four-line stanzas, and is as clear cut as a cameo. The following stanza will give one an idea of the cameo:

"Denver's inhabitants are 70,000 up to date
The largest, thriftiest city of Colorado,
And the capital of the State,
And county seat of Arapahoe."

A year or so ago a tramp dog, who showed a preference for women, was captured by the dog-catchers and placed in the pound. Money was raised by several ladies and a license procured for Limpy, who was liberated. This interesting and pathetic incident has been embalmed in imperishable rhyme. She says, speaking of the dog:

"The women, the ones admired of him,
Paid the city the required sum
For him a license collar to procure,
And Limpy was given his freedom."

She sorrows but little, but sorrows deeply when she does sorrow. In the poem entitled a "Broken Life," she describes the feelings of a young girl who has been jilted:

"He told me that he loved me,
That with me he'd never part;
All at once he changed his mind,
And tramples on my very heart.
If I should live a thousand years—
Of course none of us can—
I'd never forget these broken vows,
Nor love another man."

This has, perhaps, never been equaled.

FULTON'S FERRY-BOAT.

AN old man tells, in "The New York Times," the story of his father's experience with Robert Fulton. The inventor had applied to him for the loan of $1,000 with which to complete his model steamer. But the project seemed too visionary to the man of business. He invited Fulton to come to his house in the evening, however, and explain his plan:

Fulton seemed to hesitate for a while, and at last said he would come. Fulton did come round, and took tea with father. Fulton told him about the paddle-wheel. Father thought that paddle-wheel would never do. You see, in those times they were quite sure that the power used to lift up the water by the wheel would about neutralize the propelling force. Ha! ha! those old fellows were smart. We always are in our generation.

"Well," father said, "Robert Fulton, your wheel is no good. It would never work. You talk about making the boat go four miles an hour? That's an unheard-of speed. No, sir. With a wheel on your boat she'd stand stock still."

Then Robert Fulton argued it out with father, and 10 o'clock came,

and father was getting sleepy. Just then may be Fulton grew more excited or father more attentive, and it was 11 o'clock and they were talking over it still.

In the end Fulton's persuasive powers overcame father's doubts, and he agreed that he would do his best to raise the $1,000 for Fulton. Right after breakfast father went out, and the first man he met was Robert Lenox.

"See here, Mr. Lenox," said father, "I want some money from you to help one of Fulton's schemes. You may not believe it ever will be done, but the man fancies that he can make a boat go four miles an hour. I think he intends using steam, and a wheel, or something. I am going to let him have $100. Would you mind putting down your name for the same sum?"

"It seems quite preposterous," said Mr. Lenox to my father, "and I have no reason to believe that Mr. Fulton's boat will ever accomplish what he thinks it will. Still, if your name is down, you may let him have $100 from me."

"Then," said my father, "I will write down, 'Robert Lenox, $100.'"

"No, no," answered Mr. Lenox, "just put down the $100 with no name to it, because I shouldn't like the people who come after me to learn that I was such a dunce as to think that Fulton or any body else ever could make a boat go with steam or wheels four miles an hour."

That's the story my father told me. See here, said the pleasant old gentleman, you never can exactly tell what does come from an invention. I wonder what Fulton would have to say could he learn how those rocks at Hell Gate had to be blown up because they bothered that fleet of steamers which has to pass there every day. Eh? eh? and the old gentleman gave here a merry laugh. Anyhow, Robert Fulton got his $1,000.

DIDN'T TOUCH THE CORN.

THE lawyer who attempts to confuse a witness for the other side is not always successful. The Chicago "Tribune" reports a case in which the witness came out a long way ahead:

"Mr. Witness," said the counsel for the prosecution in the case of the People *vs.* G. H. Samruski, before Justice Lyon, "what is your business?"

"I'm a constable; here's my card, an' I wish ye'd pass it round the court," was the answer.

"Perhaps you had better give me your cheek, there's more of it, and it will go farther," retorted the lawyer.

"Judge, I protest against this bulldozing of my witness," cried the counsel for the defense.

"Now, Mr. Witness, can you describe the property mentioned in this writ of replevin?"

"I can."

"Well, why don't you do it, eh?" asked the lawyer, sharply.

"There was a horse, an' a wagon, an' a harness, an' it was blind o' one eye."

"Which was the blind, the wagon, harness, or horse, and of which eye?"

"The horse, of course, an' in the left eye."

"Can you swear to that? What makes you think it was blind of the left eye?"

"Well, there was a bushel o' corn on its left side an' it never touched it. I know this here plaintiff too well to believe any horse o' his would leave corn if it once seed it."

The identification was satisfactory and Mr. Samruski won his case.

ROYAL SALARIES.

THERE is but one sovereign in Europe, Prince Nicholas, of Montenegro, whose salary is less than that paid to the President of the United States. The royal grants are in some cases enormously out of proportion to the revenues of the kingdom. The Emperor-king Francis Joseph, of Austria-Hungary, receives $4,500,000 annually with which to support his family and maintain the dignity of the crown. The income of Alexander of Russia amounts to $10,000,000. The King of Italy draws $3,000,000 yearly from the national treasury, while the more frugal German emperor has to be content with $1,000,000 which Prussia gives her ruler. Queen Victoria has cost the English people $2,100,000 annually for fifty years, although only one seventh of this sum has been applied to her personal use, the remainder being expended in court salaries, pensions, and bounties. The Prince of Wales receives an allowance which amounts to $500,000, and his wife $50,000 extra for pin money. The annuities granted to other members of the royal family reach another half million dollars.

The lesser states vie with the great powers in the expenditures for the king. Belgium, a country no more populous than New York, supports King Leopold at an annual expense of $750,000. Poverty-stricken Spain took $2,000,000 from the hard-wrung revenues as its annual contribution to the family expenses of Alfonso XII., and Portugal, bowed down by a public debt of more than $100 for every man, woman, and child in the kingdom, raises $600,000 every year for the king and his relatives. This record of royal grants may be extended to include Denmark, $300,000; Greece, $200,000; Netherlands, $300,000; Norway-Sweden, $500,000; Bavaria, $1,300,000; Würtemberg, $500,000, and Saxony, $750,000. The two European presidents are not so munificently paid, and their salaries themselves can hardly be compared. President Grevy, of France, receives, inclusive of allowances, $175,000 per annum, while President Deucher, of the Swiss Confederation, serves but a single year at a salary of $2,910.

"TIME TO GET UP."

THE one thing which comes hard to all boys, even the brightest, is the lesson of early rising. A boy may be familiar with the ancient saw,

"Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,"

and he has doubtless been assured times without number that

"He who would thrive should rise at five,"

although he may not know that some logician has carried that rhyme to its extreme, showing in this way the fallacy of its teaching. If the gentleman who rises at five o'clock is thrifty, then

"He will thrive more who'll rise at four;"

and,

"He will still more thrifty be who rises at the stroke of three;"

and at the limit,

"He who'd thrive the most of all should never go to bed at all."

But even logic cannot conquer necessity, and the fact remains that early rising (not too early) is the best for us. "Old and New" tells of some peculiar methods of helping one's self out of bed:

The Duke of Wellington always slept on an iron camp bedstead eighteen inches wide. "When a man wants to turn over," he said, "it is time for him to turn out." The Emperor Nicholas did the same, Mr. Owen says. The principle is well enough; but I think the detail is wrong. Sleep itself is far too important to be made uncomfortable. My old friend Rossiter fixed his alarm so that, at the foreordained moment, the bed-clothes were dragged from the bed and Rossiter lay shivering. I have myself somewhere the drawings and specifications for a patent (which I never applied for) which arranges a set of cams and wheel-work under the bedstead, which, at the moment appointed, lift the pillow end six feet, and deliver the sleeper on his feet on the now horizontal foot-board. He is not apt to sleep long after that. Rossiter found another contrivance, which worked better. The alarm clock struck a match, which lighted the lamp, which boiled the water for Rossiter's shaving. If Rossiter stayed in bed too long, the water boiled over upon his razor and clean shirt and the prayer-book his mother gave him and Coleridge's autograph and his open pocket-book and all the other precious things he could put in a basin underneath when he went to bed; so he had to get up before that moment came.

HE WENT.

JUDGES have all sorts of impostors brought before them, and often it requires no little shrewdness and strategy to detect the fraud. The "New York Herald" gives the following account of how a judge got the better of an alleged deaf-mute:

A dilapidated looking individual was arraigned before Justice Patterson in the Yorkville Police Court. The charge against him was that of begging in the streets. Suspended from the man's neck was a placard bearing the inscription in glaring black and white,

"I am deaf and dumb."

The magistrate eyed both the prisoner and the placard long and sharply.

"What have you to say to the charge?" he suddenly exclaimed.

The prisoner paid not the slightest attention, but stood looking vacantly before him.

"Come, now, plead to the charge," repeated the magistrate, in crescendo tones.

The prisoner peered at the magistrate's moving lips, and then touched his ears and mouth significantly with his forefinger.

"O, that will do," said Justice Patterson, impatiently, "step forward and plead, I tell you."

The prisoner continued to peer into the magistrate's face, and as the official lips stopped moving he drew a little slate from his pocket, upon which he scrawled the words,

"I cannot hear a word you say."

The magistrate was apparently buried in thought for a moment. Presently he murmured in a low tone, as if communing with himself:

"I don't know what to think about this case. Thought he was a fraud at first, but he does seem to be pretty hard of hearing. Guess I'd better let him go. Yes, I will. Prisoner," raising his voice suddenly, "you may go."

As the magistrate uttered these words the prisoner's little slate suddenly disappeared into the depths of his ragged pockets, and the prisoner himself, with great alacrity, turned from the bar. Then he suddenly recollected and checked himself.

"Too late," cried the magistrate, triumphantly. "You may as well give up the game now. I knew you were a fraud all along. This court prides itself that it can detect a fraud every time, and without the aid of any lantern, at that. Yes, prisoner, you may go—that is, to the workhouse for sixty days."

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

Price, $1 25 a year for single subscription. Special rates to clubs of ten or more.

[*Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*]

NORTON had just buried his mother. Darkness had fallen upon his young life, and although she died in the fullness of Christian hope, every thing after her departure seemed to him to be shrouded in gloom. He could not be reconciled. The future reunion appeared to be so far away; and in spite of every thing that she and the minister had said about it, there came into Norton's heart deep-seated doubt concerning immortality and heaven. He remembered all her love and her sweet words. He remembered the last smile and then the last struggle. He remembered the closing of the coffin and the lowering it into the earth, and the solemn words by the minister. And can he ever forget the return to the house, the silence, the familiar objects that reminded him of her, her words, her looks, her love, her ways of saying and of doing things? Who can blame him for slipping into her room and bursting into tears, and half wishing that he were with her under the sod—with her in the strange other-world that the Bible, and the poets, and the preachers say so much about?

ONE day soon after the funeral a young friend said to Norton: "Don't you want to go with me to a very sacred place this evening, where you can learn some new and wonderful facts about the spirit world? We are living, Norton, in a time of revelations from the invisible realm. The dead come back to us. Indeed, already your mother has been calling for you, and through mediums has been trying to communicate with you. Go with me to-night and see for yourself." This was to Norton a strange claim. He did not know what to say or to think. He had heard about these curious phenomena, but regarded them, as his mother had done, as frauds and as devices of evil men and women to get money out of credulous and simple people. He therefore declined. He had some feeling of repugnance at the thought of his mother being in such company, and he felt that it would be a harrowing up of his sorrow to seek the proposed interview. And how could he verify such pretended revelations?

WEEKS passed by, during which time his young friend had talked to Norton again and again on the same subject, and had told him some things that his mother had said through one of the mediums. After listening to one of the statements attributed to her, Norton asked, with some feeling, "Did any one say that my mother said that?" His friend assured him that the medium had received it from his mother. "But how could the medium know that fact? No one except my mother and myself ever knew it." "That is very likely," replied his spiritualist companion. "I told you before and tell you again that we are living in a new age; that the dead speak by sign and word to the living, and that your mother has much to say to you, if you will only give her opportunity. Why do you refuse that simple request of mine, and the urgent appeal of hers to place yourself where she may talk to and comfort you? Is it wise to decline such a privilege?" Norton was somewhat moved by the remarkable fact reported, and he consented to attend a *séance*.

WE cannot describe the room, or the company into which Norton was ushered by his friend on the evening of his visit to the "house of the spirits." He was not favorably impressed with either, and was both embarrassed and bewildered. His mission was of doubtful propriety. What a terrible thing it would be to make a mistake and to be deceived! And merely to think of his mother in that place, with no chance to see her, or to kiss her, or even to speak confidentially with her—how worse than tantalizing it would be! "And then," he asked himself, "how can I be sure of any thing here?" Such thoughts passed through his mind. The room was darkened, the air stifling, and Norton was filled with a sense of unrest and dread not unmixed with self-contempt. He seemed to be trifling with his mother by his very presence in such a place on such a mission. After sundry details in which elements natural and preternatural seemed singularly mixed up, and after some remarks which indicated undue familiarity with sacred things, and frivolity wholly out of place among people who profess to be interested in eternity, a call was given and Norton's name pronounced. Then came certain tappings on a table and the swooning of a medium, whose hand seized a pencil and began some rapid writing. "I am your mother, Norton. I have been trying to reach you for weeks. Why did you not come? I want you to know that I am happy and that I hope to see you in heaven." This was what the first page of the manuscript contained as Norton read it. The next page and the third contained little in addition. There was something about "new developments in the world of thought," "freedom from the narrow views held by those who sustain the Church and who believe the Bible," and more of that tone, but to Norton it was mockery. His brain reeled. The tears came, not because his mother had visited him, but because he had been fool enough to seek her in this way. He made no remarks, asked no questions, gave no answers to the exclamations of wonder and delight by the company, and at the first opportunity withdrew from the darkened room.

"WELL, Norton," said his young friend the day after the *séance*, "I am glad you came and that you were so overwhelmingly convinced. Is it not wonderful?" "Convinced!" answered Norton. "I was convinced that the whole thing is a fraud," and to his companion, who was surprised into silence by Norton's intensity, he said, "What did my 'mother' say that I did not know before, and that was not more precious and sacred as a memory than as a new utterance in that close and darkened room among that frivolous crowd? And would you have me believe that my mother, who was a saint, a believer in the Bible, a lover of the Church, and who owed all that she was to the Gospel, would tell me in the very language of the infidelity she loathed when she lived that the views of the Church and of the Bible are 'narrow?' Do you think that even if these things were true she would say them to me in this way? I positively received not one thing in that 'revelation' I did not know before except the infidel teaching which I know my mother could not express, or that

if she wanted to express to me would never have been set forth by her in that way. No, the whole thing is a fraud. The singular fact you told me the other day which had some influence over me—the fact which mother and I alone knew—might have been guessed at. Or if a 'spirit' had any thing to do with it, why might not a mischievous, malicious spirit have read it from my brain and reported it in order to deceive me? The truth is, no evidence can be brought that can satisfy a thoughtful man that the invisible speaker is what it is claimed by the medium or by itself to be. The whole thing is a human fraud, or a preternatural fraud, and only a fanatical man can accept its claims. My mother silent; my mother as I remember her; my mother with her sweet faith in God and his word; my mother with her lovely life of sympathy and holiness, is far dearer and nearer to me than if she were seeking the body of a medium, writing bad grammar, repeating old platitudes, and denying the faith that made her life beautiful and her death triumphant. No, I have no faith in spiritualism." Norton's friend had nothing to say. If he had, certainly Norton had plenty to say in reply, for if there be a weak and senseless theory afloat in the world it is that of so-called "modern spiritualism."

OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

LESSON for May 23, 1886. JESUS AT BETHESDA.—John 5. 5-18.
GOLDEN TEXT.—John 5. 6.

PREFATORY. In Jerusalem again. Another miracle—a wonderful work designed to catch the eye of a doubting and ignorant people that they might be taught the divinity of Christ's mission, and be prepared to believe the truths he proclaimed. That miracles were useful once is not evidence that they are needed now. Because the church bell rings to call people to preaching is no reason why it should keep ringing all through the sermon.

INTERROGATORY. "There," ver. 5—where? Who was "there?" Who else was there? Give the conversation. And the result? Who objected to this transaction? On what grounds? Give the conversation between the man and his critics. Between the man and his healer. Why did the Jews oppose Jesus? (There were two reasons—what were they?)

HOMILY. The Jews in this case were worse off than the impotent man. He had an obstinate disease of the body, they a more obstinate disease of the soul. He was strengthless, they senseless. He was glad and they sorry when he was healed. He carried his bed with conscious power and inexpressible gratitude. They cavilled and criticised because the cure had been wrought out of the usual way. They cared more for "a day" than for a good work. They were in bondage to "things" and to institutions, and could not appreciate mercy and love and divine power. They were legalists and bigots, caring more for "church" than for Christ and for charity. The kind of devotion they cultivated was of a murderous type, such as inspired the St. Bartholomew massacre. "They sought to slay him." Enough of them. Let us look at *him* and at HIM. The man had sinned. He had been healed. His case at the time of the healing was hopeless. He could not even get to the waters. His despair was the dense darkness before the day-break. Man's extremity was God's opportunity. As then, so now. The HEALER came. "He maketh himself equal with God," they said. So he did. And his works sustained his claim. Give us the living Christ rather than the dead and conservative and Sabbath-keeping Jews! Give us works of charity rather than scrupulosity about days and places and things. Love is better than law, for love is law. He who serveth man sanctifieth days. Let us keep Sabbaths but for the sake of promoting love and charity and help.

PRAYER. No man, O Thou Son of God, will help us. No man *can* help us. To Thee, who art "equal with God," we come. Do for us a good work, Thy work and Thy Father's work, and we shall be whole, and shall rejoice in Thy true Sabbath. Amen.

WHATE'ER is excellent in art proceeds
From labor and endurance; deep the oak
Must sink in stubborn earth its roots obscure,
That hopes to lift its branches to the skies.—*Dyer.*

AN unlovely old age is a pitiful thing.—*E. D. V.*

OUR YOUTH DEBATING CLUB.

Subject.

Resolved, That boycotting is justifiable.

Negative.

No. 3.—Boycotting is in direct opposition to law, and when law is trodden under what hope is there for the safety of a nation? It is a conspiracy against the laws of God and man to try to ruin the life and property of a fellow-man, and God's truth is above all things. Are a few men to come to a citizen of the United States and say, "You shall not employ that man because he does not belong to our union;" and then to say to others, "You shall not buy of or sell to that person because he does not do as we dictate to him?" Is that liberty? Is that freedom? Is it justifiable for the violators of the law to crush the inalienable rights of citizens of a free country to do as they please when not contrary to law? It is slavery of the direst sort. FIRE-FLY.

No. 4.—I am against the boycott. Every body will admit that a man can do what he pleases with his money, and if he does not want to trade at a certain place he does not have to.

J. S. P. is right in saying "he is at liberty to buy elsewhere;" but is wrong in saying he has a right to persuade others to do the same, for the simple reason that it is none of his business where any body else chooses to trade. People in these western towns can see how boycotting works.

A man can say nothing against the Knights of Labor unless he wants to be boycotted. And if any body dares to trade with the boycotted person he is threatened with a boycott, and if he persists he is boycotted. H. H. B.

No. 5.—A boycott is an organized effort to interfere with the legitimate business of a citizen. The strength of the boycott lies in its power to intimidate, but since intimidation is a right which belongs to the law alone, outside of legal bounds it is criminal.

If a man conducts his business in such a manner as to interfere with the real or fancied rights of his neighbors the matter should be referred to the proper authorities—the courts of justice. But independent and unauthorized efforts on the part of persons unqualified to consider the case fairly are lawless and criminal. IDA A.

Next Subject.

Resolved, That manual training should form part of the public-school course.

Affirmative arguments should be sent to OUR YOUTH, *Plainfield, N. J., before May 29 or June 5; negative before June 12 or June 19, 1886.*

BE not simply good, be good for something.—*Thoreau.*

DOST thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.—*Franklin.*

MR. MOODY tells of an old woman who, during the late war, started out with a poker when she heard the enemy were approaching, and when asked what she could do with a poker in driving back armed soldiers, replied: "I can show them which side I am on." Some people are not so fond as that of showing their colors. They wait until they see which is the stronger side.

SHOW me a father who fences his home around with God's commandments, and lights it up with domestic comforts and pleasures, and anchors himself to his home, and I will show you the best kind of restraint from dangerous evening resorts.—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler.*

HOLD fast upon God with one hand, and open wide the other to your neighbor, that is religion, that is the law and the prophets, and the true way to all better things that are yet to come.—*George MacDonald.*

FOR life and death with God are one,
Unchanged by seeming change; his care
And love are round us here and there;
He breaks no thread his hand has spun.—*Whittier.*

CHRISTIAN life is action; not a speculating, not a debating, but a doing. One thing, and one only, in this world has eternity stamped upon it. Feelings pass; resolves and thoughts pass; opinions change. What you have done lasts—lasts in you. Through ages, through eternity, what you have done for Christ, that and only that you are.—*F. W. Robertson.*

IT is a sad thing to be often eating of the tree of knowledge but never to taste of the tree of life.—*Quarles.*

EVERY book we take up without a purpose is an opportunity lost or taking a book with a purpose. Every bit of information we cram into our heads without any sense of its importance is for the most part a bit of information driven out of our heads and choked off from our minds.—*Frederic Harrison.*

THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

THE following is an extract from an article in "The Christian Advocate" on "Methodism," by the Rev. Richard S. Storrs, of Brooklyn, N. Y., one of the most eloquent, vigorous, and catholic-spirited preachers in the Congregational Church. In the same article he objects to the itinerant system, but pays this splendid tribute to the Church of our choice:

The remarkable power and progress of Methodism throughout the country soon ceased to surprise me when I had come to know these men and to watch the carefully devised and well-directed system which they adminstered. That power and growth are due, in my judgment, to forces which are not transient, but permanent—which are likely to operate, so far as I see, as wisely and effectively in the century to come as they have done in the past.

First among them, and pre-eminent, stands the evangelical character and purpose of the doctrine preached in the Methodist pulpits, and accepted with welcome in Methodist congregations. Sin, atonement, repentance unto life, God's gracious help, the judgment to come, the splendors and the terrors of the heaven and the hell which wait for men beyond the grave, the momentous relations of this life upon earth which holds destiny in it—these are set forth in the public teachings of such men as I have named, and of their associates, with eager emphasis and inspiring zeal. Not much of fine-drawn metaphysical discussion finds itself at home in the Methodist pulpits, or of cool, critical, and passionless ethics. Still less, I imagine, is there to be met the poor charlatanism which has got scientific names out of text-books without grasping the principles or comprehending the facts that mold the terminology, and which is as much out of place in the pulpit as a monkey in an orchestra. Least of all, I think, is found among Methodists that skeptical tone, peevish and insolent, which patronizes the gospels and makes apologies for their errors, which derides a faith that finds buttresses in miracles, and which sometimes would correct, with blasphemous audacity, the mistakes ascribed by it to the Master. Neither Congregational, Presbyterian, nor Episcopal pulpits are wholly free from this impudent rubbish. Very largely, certainly, the Methodist pulpit knows it not. The Gospel is clearly recognized there as a Divine message of love and light to the sinning, dying, and needy man, and as long as the soul continues, as now, conscious of evil, sensible of danger, desiring the guaranties of immortal well-being, the truth thus taught will have inexhaustible power and virtue. All church ornamentation and scholastic accomplishments are but the poorest chaff in comparison.

This truth is preached, too, in Methodist congregations with a practical aim which is not always equally elsewhere held in view—to excite and sustain appropriate emotions, and stir the hearers to immediate action. Fervor of feeling is consistently sought as the fruit and effort of Gospel ministrations, and is systematically cherished and encouraged by those who conduct them, and such fervor of feeling is a prolific spiritual power. While enlivening and enriching the individual spirit, it circulates from that a swift contagion to affect other minds, and tends to propagate widely and long its vital energy; a secondary enthusiasm is thus naturally nurtured among those who feel the renovating force of its subtile infusion toward the Communion in which it has been inspired and expressed. It makes, or used to make, the preacher more free and forcible in the pulpit, less rhetorically cautious, less commonly fettered by the mechanical ligatures of notes. Its exhilarating force enters into worship, and gives that a spontaneous heartiness, at times an exulting choral swing, which no studied efforts of professional choirs, no stately impressions of liturgical rhythms, can rival or replace. I do not know whether this force is now as marked in the Methodist development as it was a score of years ago, but it is, I am sure, germane to the system, and must be always reappearing.

HERE are some more readings from John Wesley's Journal: Wednesday, March 4, 1747: "I spent some hours in reading 'The Exhortations of Ephrem Syrus.' Surely, never did any man, since David, give us such a picture of a broken and contrite heart. This week I read over with some young men a compendium of rhetoric and a system of ethics. I see not why a man of tolerable understanding may not learn in six months' time more of solid philosophy than is commonly learned at Oxford in four (perhaps seven) years."

Wednesday, March 23, 1748: "I talked with a warm man, who was always very zealous for the Church, when he was very drunk, and just able to stammer out the Irish proverb, 'No gown, no crown.' He was quickly convinced that, whatever we were, he was himself a child of the devil. We left him full of good resolutions, which held several days."

Thursday, March 1, 1750: "In riding to Cirencester I read Dr. Bate's 'Elenchus Motuum Nuperorum in Anglia.' His Latin is not much inferior to Cæsar's, whom he seems studiously to imitate; and his thoughts are generally just; only that he has no more mercy on the Puritans than upon Cromwell."

Saturday, June 22, 1751, in a "Short Account of Kingswood School:" "I wrote an English, a Latin, a Greek, a Hebrew, and a French grammar, and printed 'Prælectiones Pueriles,' with many other books for the use of the school; and God gave a manifest blessing. Some of the wildest children were struck with deep conviction; all appeared to have good desires; and two or three began to taste the love of God."

Monday, June 22, 1752: "We walked around the walls of the city, which are something more than a mile and three quarters in circumference. I preached at six in the evening, in the square, to a vast multitude, rich and poor. The far greater part, the gentry in particular, were seriously and deeply attentive; though a few of the rabble, most of them drunk, labored much to make a disturbance. One might already perceive a great increase of earnestness in the generality of the hearers. So is God able to cut short his work, to wound or heal, in whatever time it pleaseth him."

TRINITY Oxford League, *Springfield, Mass.*, Rev. George Skene, Pastor, contains about fifty members who are doing the reading, and are interested in the general work of the League. The pastor says: "I have a class of about fifty children, which meets once a week to study the subjects given in the League Readings. This class we call the 'Juvenile League.' I have succeeded better with these than with the older people."

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

ONE of our humorous papers of recent date contained a cartoon which represented two young men, whom we shall soon have dictionary authority for calling dudes, as meeting on the deck of a steamer in mid-ocean. The following friendly and profound remarks were exchanged:

"Ah, old chappie, going across?"

"Yaas; er you?"

With this for a text we propose to say a few plain things about conversation, what it is, and what it should be.

"Conversation" is derived from a Latin verb, meaning to live on friendly terms, or to be intimate with people, and by a natural process of development it has come to signify that familiar interchange of ideas and sentiments, which should characterize friendship or congenial acquaintance. The view of conversation which supposes that careless, haphazard, and thoughtless remarks are appropriate to familiar intercourse among friends, is utterly false. True friendship elevates and inspires, it provides higher standards, and urges to steady advance.

It requires no very deep thought to understand that if conversation is an exchange of ideas, people who converse must not be wholly destitute of these articles of commerce. The disastrous result when only one of the participants in a conversation is provided with ideas is illustrated by an amusing anecdote told of the German poet Heine.

One day, during the long illness which ended only at his death, Heine was visited by a bore, who wearied the sick man greatly. A friend calling soon after found the poet in a depressed condition, and not as bright and witty as usual.

"You are not yourself. You are feeling dull this afternoon," said the friend.

"No wonder," replied Heine, "I have been exchanging ideas with an idiot."

It is important, then, that those who aim to converse well should, first, have something to say, and, second, be able to say it in pure, vigorous, and appropriate language. But many a one will say, "I haven't any ideas. I'm not the least bit original."

Originality is not the power to sit down and evolve ideas which no one ever heard of before. Originality must have material to work upon, and original people are compelled to read and observe most diligently.

One great secret of conversational power is the collecting of information upon a wide range of subjects, so that you may adapt your conversation to the various tastes of the different people with whom you talk. Personal experiences and impressions are interesting when they are told brightly and without egotism. There is a good deal of philosophy in the remark of the young lady who, after several futile attempts to interest an awkward young man, said:

"Do you like dogs?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Let's talk about dogs."

Find a congenial subject of conversation, although let us hope it will not often be dogs.

It is well to have a large range of ideas for another reason. The man with a hobby, however well he may succeed in his life's work, is apt to be a bore in conversation. People do not want to hear the same tune always, even if it is really captivating.

In emphasizing the necessity of having something to say, we would not neglect the important question—how to say it. In the first place, in conversation forms of expression are permitted which would not look well in print, but, provided there are no actual violations of grammar, the slips and changes incident to extemporaneous speaking are excusable.

There are certain rules which it is well to follow, among the most important of which is this: *In reporting a conversation use in general the third person, instead of speaking in character.* We will illustrate. Suppose you were telling about Cæsar's dispatch to the Roman Senate, you would say: "Cæsar sent this message, 'I came, I saw, I conquered,'" not "Cæsar informed the senate that he went, he saw, and he conquered." In such a case as this the first person is necessary to give vigor and life to the incident. Under such circumstances only is the first person in thoroughly good taste. Many of our readers have heard a conversation like the following:

"Says I, 'How much flour do you put in your sponge cake, Mrs. Perkins?' 'About two cupfuls,' says she. 'Well,' says I, 'seems to me that's a great deal.' Yes, I spoke right up to her, says I, 'I think it's a waste, Mrs. Perkins,' says I, 'a perfect waste, I tell my girl so, Mrs. Perkins,' says I to her says I, 'Mary Jane, it's a perfect waste,' says I to Mary, says I to Mrs. Perkins," etc., etc.

By this slightly exaggerated conversation we call attention to the dangers and the monotony of the first person in reporting what people have said. It is far better to give the remarks in the third person, unless now and then the other form adds life and humor to the narrative. Beware of "says he" and "says she."

Another rule in conversation is to avoid egotism—the use of the first

personal pronoun in an obtrusive and disagreeable way. We can do no better than quote from Macaulay's Essay on Petrarch a few words about egotism:

Egotism in conversation is universally abhorred. Lovers, and I believe lovers alone, pardon it in each other. No services, no talent, no powers of pleasing, render it endurable. Gratitude, admiration, interest, fear, scarcely prevent those who are condemned to listen to it from indicating their disgust and fatigue. The childless uncle, the powerful patron, can scarcely extort this compliance. We leave the inside of the mail [coach] in a storm and mount the box rather than hear the history of our companion. The chaplain bites his lip in the presence of the archbishop. The midshipman yawns at the table of the first Lord.

Whatever we might add to this would be but the faint echo after the discharge of the cannon.

To the young American we would say: Aim to converse brightly and intelligently. Store your mind with knowledge, and look at facts in a new and original light. Express your views vigorously, clearly, and modestly, and you will find a place for yourself among those who are to be prominent in the coming years. Conversation is an art, and, as we have said, if it is a lost art, let us strive diligently to find it again.

More light is thrown upon the character of conversation by the following extract from an essay in the "Spectator:"

That part of life which we ordinarily understand by the word conversation is an indulgence to the sociable part of our make; and should incline us to bring our proportion of good-will, or good humor, among the friends we meet with, and not trouble them with relations which must of necessity oblige them to a real or feigned affliction. Cares, distresses, diseases, uneasinesses, and dislikes of our own are by no means to be obtruded upon our friends.

RECREATION.

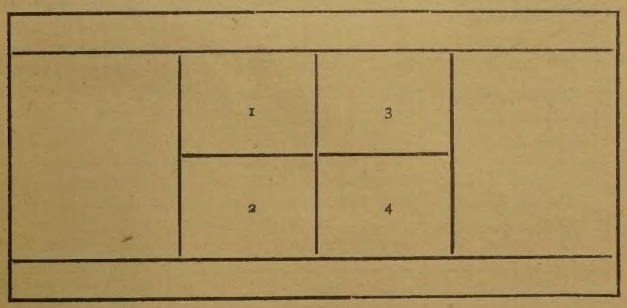
[*In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.*]

Tennis-Counting.

Last week we described the general principle of the game of tennis, and it remains for us to give a few details as to counting, serving, etc.

It will be remembered that the player making four points first wins the game. These points are given arbitrary values, as follows: "15," "30," "40," and "game," the last being used instead of 50.

For example, let us suppose that X and Y are playing a single game, X being the server. X fails to get the first ball in Y's court 3; X, that



is, makes a "fault," a second time he fails, and Y scores one point, or "15." The score now stands "Love—15," "Love" being the tennis term for zero. The next time X serves the ball well, but Y cannot return it, and X scores "15." The game now stands "15 all." X serves one "fault," then a good ball which Y returns well, but which X does not get back into Y's court. Thus Y's score becomes "30." The game stands at this point "15–30." (Note.—The server always mentions his score first, and it is customary for him to announce the total score at the beginning of each "serve.")

At the fourth serve X places the ball well in the court, and Y sends it back swiftly, X strikes the ball on the fly and sends away out of bounds, giving another point to Y. Score "15–40." X does better next time and wins a point. Score "30–40," but Y gains the advantage in the following service, and wins the fourth point, "game." Now Y serves until the next game is decided, and so, alternately serving, the players keep on until one of them has won six games, or "a set."

One other term in scoring remains to be explained. When both players reach "40" at the same time, the score is not called "40 all," but "deuce." From this point it is necessary for one player to win *two points in succession* in order to get the "game." Suppose X and Y are playing and the score is "deuce." X wins a point and gains what is called "'vantage." As X is serving, or "in," he announces the score as "'vantage in." Y wins the next point and the score goes back to "deuce," still another and it becomes "'vantage out." So the score fluctuates until Y wins "'vantage" and then "game."

This imaginary game will give an idea of how scoring is done. It is not a complicated matter, and after carefully studying this explanation we trust that our readers will comprehend the game clearly, and will not rest content until they have put their knowledge into practice.

Tricycles for Girls.

The bicycle has at last been recognized as a useful and beneficial feature of our civilization, but the tricycle is still suing for popular favor.

As the boys glide by on their bright, graceful, and noiseless wheels, off for a spin on the avenue or for a ride over smooth country roads, no wonder that the girls look on a little enviously, and that a dissatisfied "I wish I were a boy," slips from more than one pair of pouting lips.

We do not propose to involve ourselves in a discussion of the comparative advantages of being a boy and of being a girl. We simply find that there are boys and there are girls, and discovering that boys have many means of amusement, we benevolently inquire whether girls are doomed to unrelieved monotony of life, or whether they too may enjoy themselves in a sensible and healthful way.

The girls are no doubt anxiously awaiting the result of our investigations. We have concluded, young ladies, that the tricycle is an excellent answer to the question of what to do for out-door exercise. Walking is beneficial, mildly exhilarating even, but not exciting, unless it be a promenade along a ledge on the face of a precipice, where the people in story-books are fond of taking an airing. We cannot, however, advise this sort of exercise, and it remains a lamentable fact that walking is a most unsatisfactory substitute for bicycle-riding.

The tricycle, on the contrary, comes within one wheel of being a bicycle. The motion is pleasant, and the difficulty of propelling a tricycle is not as great as one might expect. Over a smooth hard road a tricycle may be ridden six or seven miles an hour without great exertion. The exercise it affords is excellent, being in fact almost exactly the same as that involved in bicycle riding.

If you shrink from riding alone, young ladies, form a little club, and buy a "sociable," or a "tandem," both of which have seats for two. At any rate think the matter over, and if you can afford it, or if two or more of you together have funds enough, buy a tricycle, spin along the country roads, gather wild flowers to your hearts' content, and when you meet your bicycling boy friends "speed" a little, and make them ride hard to keep up with you.

Base-Ball Questions.

Every boy in the United States who is old enough to swing a bat and throw a ball knows the game of base-ball in a general way. But there are a good many "fine points" in the game which are overlooked by young players. We propose from time to time to state imaginary cases in ball playing and to ask for the best play under the given circumstances. The first correct answer reaching us we shall publish with the writer's name, or without it, as he may prefer.

1. A man on first base. Batter makes a hit to short-stop. What is "short-stop's" best play?

2. A man on first base. Batter makes a hit between first and second base. Second base-man runs and stops it. What is second base-man's best play? What is short-stop's best play?

Answers should be sent to Our Youth, Plainfield, N. J.

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

Filling is not always feeding the mind.

Proctor thus describes a library:

"All round the room my silent servants wait—
My friends in every season, bright and dim,
Angels and seraphim
Come down and murmur to me, sweet and low,
And spirits of the skies all come and go
Early and late."

W. A. Croffut in an article on "What Rights have Laborers," in "The Forum," says: "Working-men now spend $300,000,000 a year in the liquor shops of Christendom. Let them stop it and transfer their deposits to savings-banks. The lack of manual training is the curse of our time. It breeds tramps. Let the afternoon session of all our public schools be devoted to teaching children the rudiments of a trade. A decrease of poverty will immediately follow an increase of skill. The fewer idlers there are the richer will be the community."

Monsignor T. S. Preston says that the Roman Church does not want our American public-school system. The Church wants to educate her own youth. Well, she has had a chance to show us what sort of education she would give our people if she had her way. What has she done in Italy, in South America, in Mexico, in South Ireland, in French Canada? Does Mr. Preston suppose that Americans can be duped by such nonsense as he writes in "The Forum" of April, 1886?

People from the East are surprised to see the solidity, beauty, and advancement which characterize western cities like St. Paul and Minneapolis, for example. What have they in Portland, Me., Springfield, Mass., Newark, N. J., Wilmington, Del., one cannot find in either of the "twin cities" of the North-west?

The new found friendship of Bismarck and Leo waxes warm. While the costly presents and less costly words are being exchanged, the great German finds himself supported in Parliament by the Catholics—and what did he want but votes?

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

Great Britain—Scotland.

(Area, 29,820 sq. miles; population, 3,735,573; ruler, Queen Victoria.)

SCOTLAND occupies the northern third of the island of Great Britain. Much of the surface is covered with forest, moor, and mountain, and many small lakes add to the grandeur of the natural scenery. The soil is generally barren, and the land is owned by a few proprietors. Agriculture is followed in the lowlands, and manufacturing is the occupation of the people in the towns. Glasgow is the largest city. Other places interesting for their beauty, historical associations, or commercial importance are Edinburgh, Dundee, Aberdeen, Greenock, Paisley, and Leith. The State Church is Presbyterian. Education is about on a level with that of England. There are four universities. Scotland has no legislature of its own, but is represented in the English Parliament by seventy-two members of the House of Commons and by sixteen peers, who are chosen to the House of Lords for the duration of one Parliament.

The people of Scotland were the terror of the Romans and Britons in early times, and walls were built across the island to prevent their southern forays. These Scots and Picts were Christianized in the sixth century, and a little later (843) they united to form a powerful kingdom. After the Normans conquered England (1066) many of the Anglo-Saxons settled in the Scotch lowlands, where they did much to soften the manners of their ruder neighbors. David (1124–53), the greatest of the Scottish monarchs, placed the Church on a sure foundation, and replaced the old traditions with written laws. He also took part in the English civil war between Matilda and Stephen. After his reign there was peace with England for one hundred years. In 1286 Alexander III. died, and Edward I. of England, who was asked to settle a dispute between the rivals for the Scottish crown, took this opportunity to assert the supremacy of England. A long war followed, decided in 1314 by the victory of Bruce and his Scots at Bannockburn. Scotland was independent, but not at peace. For centuries there were border raids, and quarrels between the nobility and the kings. In European politics Scotland was usually on the side of France, and therefore hostile to England.

In 1502 James IV. of Scotland married a daughter of King Henry VII. of England, and Mary Queen of Scots, one of their descendants, claimed the crown of England. But Mary was unfortunate, and fell into the hands of Queen Elizabeth, who sent her to the scaffold in 1587. Mary's son, James Stuart, succeeded to the throne of both kingdoms in 1603, but Scotland retained a separate Parliament for another century. The Stuarts were hated at home because they tried to force the Episcopal system upon the people, and the Presbyterians of Scotland took a solemn covenant to resist such attempts. The result was a war which was merged into the English struggle between king and Parliament. The Stuarts were expelled. But after the restoration (1660) the persecutions of the Covenanters were renewed. By the Act of Union (1707) the succession to the crowns of Scotland and England was settled upon the Protestant princes of the Brunswick line. The Scottish Parliament was abolished, and the present representative system took its place. The Stuart pretenders to the throne found support in Scotland, but the last of them—"Prince Charlie"—was defeated at Culloden in 1745, and since that day the people have become truly a part of the British nation, proud of the greatness of their common empire.

"O SCOTIA! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent,
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And O may heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle."

—*From Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night."*

Prussia and the Pope.

IN Prussia the government concerns itself with what we should call private affairs. Even the clergy are paid from the state treasury. This gives the civil authorities a degree of control over the Church. About one third of the people are Roman Catholics, and that Church receives its share of the public fund. In 1870 many Prussian Catholics did not accept the doctrine of Pope Pius IX., that the utterances of the pope were inspired and could not be wrong. The pope demanded that the government should cease to pay salaries to those priests and teachers who had thus left the Church. The government refused. The offending priests were excommunicated, that is, cut off from association with other Catholics. The Prussian government retaliated by removing all Catholic influences from the schools. In 1872–73 Falk, Minister of Education, devised the laws which sometimes bear his name and are sometimes called "May Laws," from the month of May, 1873, in which they passed the Prussian Parliament. These laws declared war on the papists without mentioning them by name. They directed that no person should serve the state as a pastor who had not been educated at the public schools and universities by the side of young men preparing for other professions; nor should such person be installed in his work until he had passed a prescribed examination and been approved by the state. There were other provisions, the most important of which was that which made marriage a civil contract. The government demanded that all priests should assent to these laws which the pope pronounced invalid and not binding upon good Catholics. As a result many congregations were left without pastors, and the children of Catholic parents had no religious instruction in the schools. A large and powerful party was gradually organized from the indignant Catholics to oppose the government measures in the Parliaments of Prussia and the Empire. At first the enthusiasm of the people for the Empire had helped Chancellor Bismarck to carry his bills for the consolidation of the state. But the combination of the Clericals (Catholics) with other opposing parties hampered the government, and after the death of Pius, in 1878, repeated attempts were made to bring about an understanding with the papal court, in order to gain the support of the Clericals for the financial measures of the government. Falk resigned to smooth the path toward reconciliation, and the Prussian Parliament modified his laws slightly in favor of the Catholics. Within a year Bismarck's efforts to gain the good-will of the pope have been redoubled, and a bill has been laid before the present session of the Prussian Parliament in which the government makes marked concessions. A recent letter from the pope's secretary of state announces that the proposed measure, which allows Catholic priests to be trained in their own seminaries, is acceptable to the pope, notwithstanding the fact that the civil authorities retain the right to approve or reject the appointments of the Church. This bill passed the Lower House of the Prussian Parliament May 7.

The Anarchist Riots.

LAST winter, when the newspapers announced that the socialists of certain western cities were armed and ready to attack the authorities at their earliest opportunity, the matter was treated as a hoax. But the outbreak came sooner than any one expected. Chicago was the first to suffer. The prolonged strikes, making many idlers, and arousing a bitter feeling against those who remained at work, prepared the way. On Monday, May 3, a crowd of unemployed acted in a lawless manner, and, coming into collision with the police, several of their number were killed. The next day the streets were flooded with German and English handbills in which the workmen were exhorted to rise and avenge their slaughtered comrades. The socialists saw in the situation of affairs a favorable opportunity for preaching their doctrines of resistance to the laws, and a mass-meeting was called in one of the public squares. The meeting took place May 4, and was addressed by German and American agitators on the general subject of the rights of the people and the wrongs of their recent treatment. The speakers used violent language, but it seemed that the gathering would separate without disorder, until, late in the evening, a squad of policemen endeavored to break up the meeting. Suddenly a dynamite bomb was thrown among the police, exploding with deadly effect. The police retaliated by firing volley after volley into the crowd. The arrival of re-enforcements cleared the square of rioters. The total loss on both sides amounted to four killed and one hundred wounded. The authorities immediately took precautions to prevent further rioting, and the socialistic speakers were arrested on a charge of murder.

The Milwaukee rising took the form of an assault by the mob upon a manufacturing establishment in the suburbs May 5. The strikers, advancing under the red flag of anarchy, were met by a detachment of the militia which had been detailed to protect the works. After the mob had greeted with derisive shouts the order to disperse, the soldiers fired in their faces, killing two men outright and inflicting many wounds. The mob fled. In another part of the city a mob had gathered, and after listening to the wild harangues of the socialist leaders, set out to march across the city to re-enforce their comrades who had been fired upon by the troops. They were charged by the police, however, and were scattered before they could do any damage.

It has hitherto been the fashion in this country to laugh at the nations of Europe which for self-protection have been compelled

to banish certain classes of their population. We have received all these exiles, and have never interfered with their revolutionary teachings. But the recent occurrences have brought the question to the fore: Can this nation afford to allow foreign outlaws to preach unhindered their doctrines of assassination and plunder? A strong public sentiment has been created to support the authorities in their efforts to suppress the causes of such outbreaks as those in Chicago and Milwaukee.

Pronunciation.

Ab'er-deen'.
Ban'nock-burn'.
Cul-lō'den.
Dun-dee'.
Ed'in-burgh (-bur-ruh).
Glas'gōw.
Green'ock.
Leith (Leeth).
Pais'ley (Pāz'lĭ).

A Brief Survey.

The prolonged strike of the employees of the south-western railway system came to an end May 4, the officers of the several assemblies of the Knights of Labor ordering the men to return to work. The settlement was effected by the Congressional Committee in whose hands the strikers have placed their case. The company had already filled many vacancies, and large numbers of the old workmen now find themselves without employment. The strike seems to have been unnecessary and unjustifiable.——The reduction of the public debt of the United States during the month of April amounted to $10,965,387 95.——Professor Brooks, the astronomer, of Phelps, N. Y., announces the discovery of a new comet, the second which he has discovered this year.——The first of May was the day appointed for a general eight-hour agitation throughout the country. The strike was confined, however, to a small number of the trades-unions. In a few cases the demand for eight hours' work and ten hours' pay was granted, but the request was generally refused or settled by compromise.——An American fishing vessel was seized near Digby, Nova Scotia, May 7, by a Canadian cruiser, for procuring bait within three miles of the shore.——The River and Harbor Bill, appropriating $15,000,000, passed the House of Representatives May 6.——Twenty members of the Ohio Senate have left the State in a body, thus interrupting the legislative business. Warrants have been issued for their arrest.

The Prussian government, fearing serious results from labor troubles, has given the police the most stringent orders for dealing with strikers. The anti-socialist laws are being thoroughly enforced.——An exhibition of the products of the British colonies was opened in London, May 4, by the queen in person. Lord Tennyson contributed the ode for the occasion. ——The representatives of Germany and England have agreed upon a boundary between the colonies of their respective countries in the southern Pacific. ——It is stated that the government of Japan is about to adopt Roman Catholicism as the national religion.——The rebellious Burmese and the robber tribes of that country have shown such strength as to endanger the British garrison. The capital has been set on fire several times. Additional troops will be sent from India.——The Belgian government will attempt to relieve the distress among the working classes by appropriating eight million dollars for public works.——During the Easter recess of Parliament Mr. Gladstone remained at his country home, taking no part in the public demonstrations which his Irish government measures have stirred up. On the first of May, however, he issued an important address to the people of Midlothian, the district which he represents in the House of Commons. In this paper he states the weakness of his opponents' position, in that they have no substitute to propose for the bill which they refuse to support. He recognizes and deplores the secession of many members of his own party, but declares his readiness to rely upon the good sense of the great body of the nation in a struggle with the nobility and the landlords. He clings to one main feature of his Home Rule Bill, the establishment of an Irish Parliament to legislate upon local affairs. All other details he leaves to be arranged hereafter.——Upon the refusal of Greece to disarm at the command of the Powers, the ministers of Turkey, England, Germany, France, Italy, and Austria left Athens May 7, and went on board the allied fleet. The outlook is warlike.——A conference of nations at Berlin has ratified the agreement made a year ago establishing the Congo Free State.——It has been decided to hold an International Exhibition at Paris in 1889.——The cholera appears to be on the increase in Italy; cases are reported at Venice, Vicenza, and Bari.——The author's manuscript of the German hymn "The Watch on the Rhine" has been found at Burgdorf, and Emperor William has purchased it from the owner for $5,000.

Publishers' Department.

OUR YOUTH,

PHILLIPS & HUNT, Publishers,

805 Broadway, New York.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, - - - $1 25 per year.

Write for sample copies and terms to agents and clubs. In ordering please state when the subscription is to begin and when to end.

ADVERTISING RATES: Single insertions, 20 cents per agate line. Special rates on large orders.

THE CANVASS.

WE are glad to see that the Sunday-schools are availing themselves of our special offer. Within a few days we have received orders from one school for 150 copies, from another for 75 copies, from another for 70 copies, from another for 40 copies, and so on, to be sent for the remainder of the year.

One superintendent sends the names of ten or a dozen scholars who are to receive OUR YOUTH as a reward for regular attendance. Another has sent a large list of scholars who have aided in an effort to raise money for the Church, and are to receive OUR YOUTH for the rest of the year as an acknowledgment of their efforts.

We hope that others will appreciate the opportunity and avail themselves of it. It will surely be a popular and at the same time an inexpensive plan.

USE A BINDER.

IT will keep the papers smooth and clean, so that they will be pleasant to handle and read.

It will enable you to read the serial story connectedly, to compare the news of the week with that of previous weeks, to refer back at any time to the historical and geographical items and the maps, thus giving you a gazetteer of the world, which will enable you to comprehend the news items more clearly.

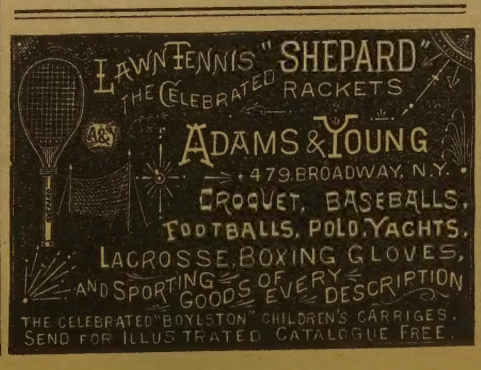
It will enable Sunday-school teachers and scholars to review the Sunday-school lessons from week to week, and from month to month.

It will, in short, keep all the successive issues of OUR YOUTH together in one place, so that if any article in any number is wanted it can be referred to at once.

We will mail a binder of the very best make, simple but durable, plain cloth sides and back, with the name OUR YOUTH stamped on the side in gilt, post-paid, for

ONE DOLLAR.

Address PHILLIPS & HUNT, Publishers of OUR YOUTH, 805 Broadway, New York.



The "Golden Crown" Series
OF
BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

BOUND IN ELEGANT CLOTH,
UNIFORM STYLE, AND
PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.

Per Volume, $1 25.

1. **Abbotsmuir.**
A tale for the young. By the author of "Nelly's Teachers," "Mine Own People," etc. A story singularly true to nature.

2. **Ada and Gerty;** or, Hand in Hand Heavenward.
A story of school life. By Louisa M. Gray. A touching story of two girls.

3. **Almost a Hero;** or, School-days at Ashcombe.
By Robert Richardson, author of "Ralph's Year in Russia," etc.

4. **Amos Huntingdon.**
A tale. By the Rev. T. P. Wilson, M.A., Vicar of Pavenham, author of "True to His Colors," etc.

5. **By Uphill Paths;** or, Waiting and Winning.
A story of work to be done. By E. Van Sommer, author of "Lionel Franklin's Victory."

6. **Every-Day Doings.**
By Hellena Richardson. A prize temperance tale, "written for an earnest purpose," and consisting almost entirely of facts.

7. **Fighting the Good Fight;** or, The Successful Influence of Well Doing.
By H. F. E., author of "Tom Tempest's Victory," etc.

8. **Frank Oldfield;** or, Lost and Found.
By the Rev. T. P. Wilson, M.A., Vicar of Pavenham, author of "Amos Huntingdon," etc.

9. **The Grey House on the Hill;** or, Trust in God and Do the Right.
A tale for the young. By the Hon. Mrs. Greene.

10. **Great Heights Gained by Steady Efforts;** or, Perseverance and Faithfulness Triumphant.
By the Rev. T. P. Wilson, M.A.

11. **Isabel's Secret;** or, A Sister's Love.
A tale for the young. By the author of "The Story of a Happy Little Girl."

12. **Lionel Franklin's Victory.**
By E. Van Summer. An interesting prize temperance tale for the young, with illustrative engravings.

13. **Nelly's Teachers,** and What They Learned.
By Louisa M. Gray, author of "Mine Own People," etc. A tale for the young.

14. **Owen's Hobby;** or, Strength in Weakness.
A tale. By Elmer Burleigh. Replete with touching, often saddening, and frequently amusing incidents.

15. **Sought and Saved.**
By M. A. Paull, author of "Tim's Troubles," etc. A prize temperance tale for the young.

16. **Tim's Troubles;** or, Tried and True.
By M. A. Paull. A prize temperance tale for young persons, the hero an Irish Band of Hope boy.

17. **True Hearts Make Happy Homes;** The Story of the Vivians of Woodiford.
By M. A. Paull, author of "Tim's Troubles," etc.

18. **True to His Colors;** or, The Life that Wears Best.
By Rev. T. P. Wilson, M.A., Vicar of Pavenham, author of "Frank Oldfield," etc.

19. **The Young Huguenots;** or, The Soldiers of the Cross.
A story of the 17th century. By Edith L. Floyer.

THOS. NELSON & SONS, Publishers,
42 Bleecker Street, New York.

Jest and Youthful Jollity.

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity."—*Milton.*

—One muddy day out walking,
Tom said with a little pout,
"They have squeezed my pretty snow-drifts,
And the juice has all run out!"—*Good Cheer.*

—Uncle George—"And so you go to school, now, Johnny? What part of the exercises do you like best?"

Johnny—"The exercise we get at recess."—*National Weekly.*

—French gallantry is proverbial. A gentleman replying to an invitation to dinner writes: "Madame, before thanking you for your kind invitation, permit me to apologize for sitting down to address you in my shirt-sleeves. The heat of the last few days must be my excuse."

—In the Peshawur Cemetery, in India, is the following amusing epitaph: "Sacred to the memory of Rev. ——, missionary, aged —, murdered by his chowkidar. 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant.'"

—Teacher—"Well, my boy, you know you can't come to school while your brother has the measles."

Pupil—"Please, teacher, can't I come? It is only my step-brother."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

—The names conjured up by Dickens are more than matched by recent subscribers to the New York "World," from a list of which the following are selected: Maria Pickles, Cynthia Neiderfrankensteinhauser, William F. Peterfish, John J. Cowhog, Laura Loofborrow, Maggie Mussmaker, J. Tyranny, Minnie Bigghost, Fannie Vinegar, Susie Souse, Nora B. Freelove, Mattie B. Toogood, Mollie Whiteneck, Phenia Sufficool, Effie Blunk, Cora Coon, Viola Eystone, Rayte Shivers, Pearl Shad, Frankie Sample, John George Dingledog, O. D. Pancake, Dick Turnipseed.

—A little adventure of the Duke de Braganza, the prospective husband of the Princess Amelia of Orleans. "I was traveling in Spain," said the duke, "and had reached a miserable little village. It was one A. M. Knocking at the only hostelry in the place, a gruff voice called out: 'Who's there?' 'Dom Alphonse - Ramire - Juan - Pedro - Carlos - Francisque - Dominique de Roxas de Braganza.' 'Drive on,' was the reply, 'I can't accommodate so many people.'"—*From the French.*

—Teacher—"First class in history, please stand up. Who was Lady Jane Grey?"

Little boy in the corner—"Please, marm, I know."

Teacher—"Well, who was she, Willie?"

Little boy—"She was the woman who beat the boycotters in New York."

Teacher—"You are mistaken, Willie. Lady Jane Grey was brought to the block."

Little boy—"May be she was, but she made the sandwiches get off the block."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—A Waterbury gentleman was surprised while out for a drive on the Wolcott road recently by the conduct of a boy whom he asked to ride. The boy refused obstinately, and when prevailed upon for a reason said he expected a whipping when he got home and was in no hurry."—*Waterbury American.*

—Hostess (to Bobby, who is dining out with his mother)—"Will you have another piece of pie, Bobby?"

Bobby—"Yes'm."

Hostess (smilingly)—"And so you are one of the fortunate little boys whose mammas let them have the second piece of pie?"

Bobby—"Yes'm; she does when we're out visitin'; but at home I never get but one piece."—*Harper's Bazar.*

—A.—"They say the new doctor is doing finely; is that so?"

B.—"Yes, indeed! Since he came here the sick people have sort of died out."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

—Bass is not only a very polite man, but he is a man who never loses his presence of mind. The other day he was standing in a horse-car. It suddenly struck a coal cart and Bass was sent to grass; in short, he was knocked down. As he rose, he saw a lady standing. His spirit of gallantry was touched. Bowing politely, he said, "Take my seat, madam." It is presumed that she preferred to stand.—*Boston Transcript.*

Rev H C Milliman
KENDALL
Orleans, N Y

1860. THE WASHINGTON 1886.
Life Insurance Company of New York,
Office, 21 Courtlandt St.

W. A. BREWER, JR., *Pres't*, WILLIAM HAXTUN, *Vice-Pres't*, CYRUS MUNN, *Ass't Sec.*,
E. S. FRENCH, *Sup't*, I. C. PIERSON, *Actuary*, B. W. M'CREADY, M. D., *Med. Examiner.*

ASSETS, - - - - - - - $8,000,000.

Salient features in the policy of the Washington that commend it to the attention of all contemplating insurance.

1st. Dividends annually at the end of the first and each succeeding year. 2d. The dividends of The Washington may be applied to the payment of the premium. 3d. If not so applied, they purchase additional insurance. 4th. If used to purchase additional insurance, THEY ARE RECONVERTIBLE INTO CASH FOR THEIR ORIGINAL AMOUNT. 5th. If the premium be unpaid when due, THE WHOLE OF THE CASH DIVIDEND TO THE CREDIT OF A POLICY IS APPLIED TO CONTINUE THE INSURANCE FOR THE FULL AMOUNT AS SO MUCH PREMIUM UNTIL EXHAUSTED. 6th. The fact that a policy has dividends to its credit is authority for this company, BY VIRTUE OF THE POLICY CONTRACT, TO APPLY THEIR FULL CASH VALUE TO THE PAYMENT OF PREMIUMS *without written directions from the party insured.* 7th. A policy in The Washington while held by dividends may be continued WITHOUT MEDICAL RE-EXAMINATION, by payment of the balance of the premium due. 8th. The cash value of accumulated dividends will be paid on demand, provided premiums are paid to date.

"The Washington Illustrated Almanac for 1886" sent gratis, in answer to requests addressed to the Company or its Agents.

PERRY & Co's STEEL PENS

Of Superior Quality, 24 Samples different styles, for trial, including the famous "U," Falcon, and Stub pens, by mail, on receipt of 20 cents. Ask for Card No. 13.
IVISON, BLAKEMAN, TAYLOR, & Co.,
Sole Agents. 753 B'WAY, N.Y.

FLORAL PRAISE
No. 4.
A BEAUTIFUL MUSICAL SERVICE
FOR
Children's Day & Flower Sunday
By HUBERT P. MAIN.
Price, $4 per 100 copies; 5 cents each by mail.
Previous issues furnished at same price.
BIGLOW & MAIN,
76 East Ninth St., New York. 81 Randolph St., Chicago.

SILKS.
JAMES McCREERY & CO. ARE NOW DISPOSING OF THEIR SPRING IMPORTATIONS OF LOUISIENNES, FOULARDS, FIGURED TRICOTINES, STRIPED AND CHECKED SILKS, SURAHS, AND OTHER TEXTILES, SUITABLE FOR THE PRESENT SEASON, AT A VERY MARKED REDUCTION IN PRICE.
JAMES McCREERY & CO.,
IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS,
BROADWAY AND ELEVENTH ST.,
NEW YORK.

ESTERBROOK STEEL PENS
For Sale by all Stationers.
ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO., 26 John St., N.Y.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY
GOOD NEWS TO LADIES.
Greatest inducements ever offered. Now's your time to get up orders for our celebrated Teas and Coffees, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, or Handsome Decorated Gold Band Moss Rose Dinner Set, or Gold Band Moss Decorated Toilet Set. For full particulars address
THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY,
P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

PROGRAMME
FOR
CHILDREN'S DAY
1886.
By Rev. C. S. H. DUNN, of Minnesota Conf.
BIBLE SYMBOLS OF WISDOM.
Edited by Rev. D. P. KIDDER,
Corresponding Secretary Board of Education.
FOR SALE AT ALL METHODIST BOOK DEPOSITORIES.
Price, per hundred, $1, post-paid.
This Programme fills eight large pages. It contains new hymns and exercises specially adapted to the present year. It may be rendered in a single service, or, with appropriate additions, in morning, afternoon, and evening services.
SUPPLEMENT No. 1
TO THE
Annual Programme and the Manual of Hints and Helps for Children's Day.
Four pages, 8vo. Price, 50 cents per 100, post-paid.
CONTENTS:
ADDRESSES AND RECITATIONS IN PROSE AND POETRY.
MANUAL
OF
HINTS AND HELPS FOR CHILDREN'S DAY.
CONTENTS:
PREFACE.
HINTS:
1. Hints from the Board of Education.
2. Hints from Pastors.
3. Hints from Superintendents.
4. Hints on Decorations.
5. Hints as to Medal Ceremonies.
HELPS:
RECITATIONS AND ADDRESSES—
A. Infantile or Primary.
B. Juvenile.
Dialogues.
Addresses of Superintendents and Pastors.
HYMNS AND MUSIC. 14 pages.
Price, per copy, 10 cents; per dozen, $1; per hundred, $6, post-paid.
Published by PHILLIPS & HUNT, New York.